





THE *1486. de 4.*
ODES *and* SATYRS
OF
HORACE,

That have been done into *Engliſh*
By the moſt EMINENT HANDS.

VIZ.

Earl of ROCHESTER	Mr. PRIOR.
Earl of ROSCOMMON.	Mr. MAYNWARING.
Mr. COWLEY.	Mr. DRYDEN.
Mr. OTWAY.	Mr. MILTON.
Mr. CONGREVE.	Mr. POOLY.

WITH HIS

ART *of* POETRY,
By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

To this EDITION is added ſeveral ODES
never before Published.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Jacob Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head over-
againſt Katharine-Street in the Strand. 1717.

THE

OBSCURE SATYRS

OF

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PREFACE.

IT is thought not improper to inform the Reader, that there having been lately published an Edition of this Book by *A. Bell, T. Varnam, J. Osborne, J. Browne,* and *J. Baker*, Persons who have no Right to the Printing thereof, the Copies therein being near all taken from the *Miscellany Poems* published by Mr. *Dryden*, and printed by *Jacob Tonson*: Therefore the said

A 3

Pro-

P R E F A C E.

Proprietor, in Justice to himself, hath Published this Edition, whereunto is added many Translations not in the other Edition, most of which were never before Printed, and which are distinguished from the rest, by being printed in an *Italick* Character.



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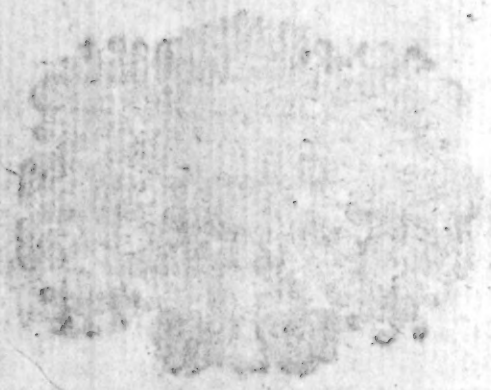


THE

THE CONSTITUTION

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THE



THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.
BOOK I. ODE I.
To MECÆNAS.

Several Men have several Delights; *Lyrick Poetry* is his.



MECÆNAS, *born a Tuscan Prince,*
My Joy, my Glory, my Defence;
Some view with a delighted Eye,
Thick Clouds of Dust around 'em fly;
While their contending Chariots role,
And nicely shun th' Olympick Goal;
Where Races won, and Palms bestow'd,
Exalts a Monarch to a God.

Other

*Others in high Commands are proud,
That great Preferment of the Crowd:
Blown by their Breath the Bubble flies,
Gaz'd at a while, then breaks and dies.
Another ploughs his Father's Fields,
His Barn holds all that Libya yields;
And Heaps of Wealth and Worlds of Gain,
Can never tempt him from the Plain;
Or draw his fearful Soul, to ride
In Ships, and stem the boist'rous Tide.
The Merchant, tost in angry Seas,
Commends his Farm and rural Ease;
Yet rigs his tatter'd Ships once more,
Untaught, unable to be Poor.
Some underneath a Myrtle Shade
Or by smooth Springs supinely laid,
In Mirth, and Wine, and wanton Play,
Lose half the Business of the Day.
Others in tented Fields delight,
And love the Horrors of a Fight,
The Trumpets Sound, the stern Debate,
And all that anxious Mothers hate.
The Hunter does his Ease forgoe,
And lyes abroad in Frost and Snow;
Forgetting soon his tender Wife
With all the soft Delights of Life;
While faithful Hounds a Deer pursue,
Or keep the raging Boar in View.
Me to some Shady Fields remove
Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance and love;
Far distant from the busie Throng;
There let the Muses tune my Song.*

*But they in vain will string my Lyre,
Unless you praise what they inspire:
If you, propitious to my Fame,
Among the Lyricks plant my Name;
The Works that you with Judgment prize
Will raise my Head above the Skies.*



O D E I.

Bount'ous Mecenas, Royal by Descent,
Guard of my Fame, and boasted Ornament.

SOME in the Ring delight to guide the Rein,
And drive the Chariot thro' the dusty Plain,
Whilst glowing Wheels with Art the Goal decline,
And Palms of Triumph round the Hero twine,
Rival to Gods in Pomp, he's held divine.

The busie Candidate who Voices tries,
And on the guidy Rabble's Smiles relies,
Who undistinguish'd Favours lend to Day,
To Morrow with a Caprice vote away.

A Third, whose sole Ambition 'tis to till
With Spade or Plough, his small paternal Soil;
Safe in the Granary has lodg'd his Corn,
From *Africk's* plent'ous Floors undamag'd born.
Were you to bribe them with the World's Command,
They'd never quit their golden Hopes on Land.

The

The Merchant, when the Eastern Sky's o'ercast,
 Fearing the Hazards of th' approaching Blast:
 When struggling Currents swell the angry Tide,
 Twist the stiff Plank, and rip the lab'ring Side,
 Applauds the even Breezes of the Shore,
 With th' humble Pleasures of his Country Shore;
 Resits his shatter'd Hulk, and puts to Sea,
 Untractable to slighted Poverty.

Others, in ample Bowls of *Mastic* Juice,
 Deceive the Day, and give their Cares a loose;
 Now at full Length extended in the Shade,
 Then to a sacred Spring recline their Head.

Many, to Glory bent, pursue the War,
 Where the mixt Sound alarms and glads the Ear;
 Whilst the fond Mother dreads the bloody Scene,
 And dreams of Fights the Youth was never in.

The eager Sportsman, when the Game's in View,
 And the stanch Hounds to Bay the Stag pursue;
 Or the wild Boar the slender Toils has broke,
 Defies the Cold, and the rude Winter's Stroke:
 Whilst the young Bride at home neglected lyes,
 Wishing the Chase was nearer, by her Eyes.

My chiefest Pride's the Ivy's learned Wreath,
 Which gain'd, will privilege my Verse from Death.
 Disdain of Crowds, and Lose of cool Retreat,
 Where Nymphs and Satyrs frisk with nimble Feet,
 Must still distinguish me amongst the Great.
 If the kind Muses please to string my Lyre,
 And tun'd with artful Hand, soft Lays inspire.

But

I. Book I. *H O R A C E.* 5

But if *Mecenas* grants the Lyrick Bays,
I'll soar above the Breath of vulgar Praise.



O D E II.

By ARTHUR MAYNWARING, *Esq;*

I.

TOO long alas, with Storms of Hail and Snow,
Jove has chastis'd the World below!
Too long his flaming Arm has Light'ning thrown,
And struck our blasted Temples down,
To terrifie this guilty Town!

II.

Such Floods of Water have appear'd,
The World a second Deluge fear'd,
Like that when *Proteus* drove his scaly Flocks,
To look for Safety on the Rocks.
When caught in Trees, where Birds no longer sung,
Expiring Shoals of Fishes hung;
And ev'ry Creature of the Plain,
At once was swimming in the dreadful Main.

III.

So have we seen destructive *Tiber* flow,
And Monuments of Kings o'erthrow;
Nor ev'n from *Numa's* Fane retire,
Nor fear to quench dread *Vesta's* Fire;
When mov'd by Tears which *Iliu* shed,
(*Iliu* his Wife, who mourn'd our Monarch dead,
When *Casur* her great Offspring bled)
Back from the *Tuscan* Shore his Waves be drove,
With Passion greater than a Husband's Love;

And

And took too much Revenge on *Rome*,
Preserv'd by *Jove* for his superior Doom.

IV.

Next, we are punish'd with a Civil War,
For which we fatal Arms prepare,
Those Arms that should have bravely kill'd
The haughty *Persians* in some foreign Field,
Fought Battles here; and in succeeding Times,
Our Youth will hear, astonish'd at our Crimes,
That *Roman* Armies *Romans* slew;
Our Youth, alas, will then be few.

V.

What God's Protection shall our People crave,
The falling State of *Rome* to save?
What moving Song shall holy Maids prepare,
To whom will *Jove* the Power convey,
To expiate our Guilt away?
Oh *Phœbus* hear our loud Complaints at last,
And to support this Empire haste,
With Clouds around thy glittering Shoulders cast!

VI.

Or you, fair *Cyprian* Queen, descend,
You, whom Love and Joy attend;
Or thou, O *Mars*, whose only Pleasures are
The Pomp of Arms, and the shrill Noise of War;
To whom no Look so charming shews,
As the stern Frown of Soldiers, or their Foes;
On thy neglected Race look down,
And spare our Blood descended from thy own:
For sure, our long unnatural Fights,
Give thee a Surfeit of thy own Delights!

VII.

Or, if 'tis you Bright *Hermes*, that appear
Form'd in the Shape of young *Augustus* here,

Pleas'd to be call'd th' Avenger of our Guilt,
 For *Caesar's* Blood, with Horror spilt;
 Late may you go to Heav'n again,
 And long o'er *Romans* happy reign;
 Nor at our Crimes offended fly
 Too soon from hence to bless your native Sky.
 Here rather still Great Triumphs love;
 Here your just Titles still approve;
 Be still call'd Prince and Father of our Land,
 Nor let our Fees insult, while you our Troops command.



O D E III.

*Inscrib'd to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his
 intended Voyage to Ireland.*

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

Printed in the Second Miscellany, Page 74.

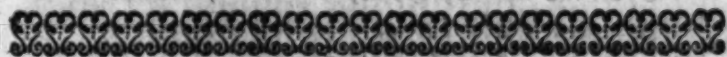
SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
 And the Twin Stars (the Seed of *Jove*)
 And he, who rules the raging Wind,
 To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
 And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
 Supplying soft *Elysian* Gales;
 As thou, to whom the Muse commends
 The best of Poets and of Friends,
 Dost thy committed Pledge restore,
 And land him safely on the Shore:

And

And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at Sea,
Sure he, who first the Passage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side!
Or his at least, in hollow Wood,
Who tempted first the briny Flood:
Nor fear'd the Winds contending roar,
Nor Billows beating on the Shore;
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What Form of Death cou'd him affright,
Who unconcern'd with stedfast Sight
Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,
And Monsters rolling in the Deep;
Cou'd thro' the Ranks of Ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise Command,
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main;
Th' eternal Fences over-leap;
And pass at will the boundless Deep.
No Toil, no Hardship can restrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain;
The more confin'd the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from Heaven the Seed of Fire;
A Train of Ills, a Ghastly Crew,
The Robber's blazing track pursue;
Fierce Famine, with her Meager Face,
And Fevers of the fiery Race,

BOOK I. H O R A C E.

In Swarms th' offending Wretch surround,
 All brooding on the blasted Ground:
 And limping Death lash'd on by Fate
 Comes up to shorten half our Date.
 This made not *Dedalus* beware,
 With borrow'd Wings to Sail in Air:
 To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his Way,
 Plung'd thro' the Lake and snatch'd his Prey.
 Nay, scarce the Gods, or Heavenly Climes
 Are safe from our audacious Crimes;
 We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
 And pull th'unwilling Thunder down.



O D E IV.

* By the E—— of R——

Printed in the First Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 104.

C Onquer'd with soft and pleasing Charms,
 And never-failing Vows of her Return,
 Winter unlocks his frosty Arms
 To free the joyful Spring;
 Which for fresh Loves with youthful Heat does burn;
 Warm South-Winds court her, and with fruitful Showers
 Awake the drowsie Flowers
 Who haste and all their Sweetness bring
 To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping White is seen,
 But all the Fields are clad in pleasant Green,

And

* Not written by the E—— of R——

And only fragrant Dew's now fall:
 The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall
 To bask i'th' Sun's much warmer Beams;
 The Plowman leaves his Fire and his Sleep,
 Well pleas'd to whistle to his lab'ring Teams;
 Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to's frisking Sheep.
 Nay, tempted by the smiling Sky
 Wreckt Merchants quit the Shore;
 Resolving once again to try
 The Wind and Sea's Almighty Power;
 Chusing much rather to be Dead than Poor.

Upon the flow'ry Plains,
 Or under shady Trees,
 The Shepherdesses and their Swains
 Dance to their rural Harmonies;
 Then steal in private to their covert Groves,
 There finish their well heighten'd Loves.
 The City Dame takes this Pretence
 (Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
 To quit the Smoke and Business of the Town,
 And to her Country-House retires,
 Where she may bribe, then grasp some Country Clown,
 Or her appointed Gallant come
 To feed her loose Desires;
 Whilst the poor Cuckold by his Sweat at home
 Maintains her Lust and Pride,
 Blest as he thinks with such a beauteous Bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
 Why should not we?
 Let's then accept our Mother Nature's Treat,
 And please our selves with all that's sweet;

Let's

Let's to the shady Bowers,
 Where, Crown'd with gaudy Flowers,
 We'll drink and laugh away the gliding Hours.
 Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conqueror Death
 With the same freedom snatches a King's Breath,
 He hurdles the poor fetter'd Slave
 To's unknown Grave.

Tho' we each Day with Cost repair,
 He mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care;
 Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong,
 And he that lives the longest dies but young;
 And once depriv'd of Light,

We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night.
 Once come to those dark Cells, of which we're told
 So many strange romantick Tales of old
 (In things unknown Invention's justly bold)

No more shall Mirth and Wine
 Our Loves and Wit refine.

No more shall you your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis so long you've priz'd;
 Nay she too in the Grave
 Shall lye like us despis'd.



ODE

ODE V.

*Imitated by Mr. COWLEY.**Printed in his Poems in Octavo, Page 31.*

I.

TO whom now, *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?
 To what Heart-ravish'd Lover
 Dost thou thy golden Locks unbind,
 Thy hidden Sweets discover,
 And with large Bounty open set
 All the bright Stores of thy rich Cabinet?

II.

Ah, simple Youth. how oft will he
 Of thy chang'd Faith complain?
 And his own Fortunes find to be
 So airy and so vain:
 Of so *Camelion-like* an hue,
 That still *their Colour* changes with it too?

III.

How oft, alas, will he admire
 The Blackness of the Skies?
 Trembling to hear the Winds sound higher,
 And see the Billows rise:
 Poor unexperienc'd he,
 Who ne'er, alas, before had been at Sea!

IV.

He enjoys thy calmy *Sun-shine* now,
 And no Breath stirring hears;
 In the clear Heaven of thy Brow
 No smallest Cloud appears.

He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

V.

Unhappy! Thrice unhappy he,
T'whom thou untry'd dost shine!
But there's no Danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's Shrine,
In witness of the Shipwrack past,
My Consecrated Vessel hangs at last



ODE V.

[By Mr. HORNECK.

Pyrhus, what slender well-shap'd *Beau*,
Perfum'd with Essence haunts thee now,
And lures thee to some kind Recess,
To sport on Rose-Beds sunk in Ease?
Prithee what Youth would'st thou insnare,
Artless and clean, with flowing Hair?
How oft will he have cause to mourn
Thy broken Vows and *Cupid's* Scorn?]
Unskill'd as yet, he'd wond'ring spy
Fresh Tempests raging in that Eye,
From whence he hop'd a Calmer Sky.
Who now poor Gull enjoys the Bliss,]
Thinks you divine and solely his:
Born down the Tide with easie Sail,]
Little suspects an Adverse Gale.
Thrice wretched they who feel thy Darts,]
Whilst Strangers to thy coquet Arts!

B

My

My Garments in the Fane display'd,
 As Trophies that my Vows are paid,
 Own the Great Ruler of the Sea
 Author of my Delivery.



ODE V.

By Mr. MILTON.

Rendred almost Word for Word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHat slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
 Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
 Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
 On Faith and changed Gods complain, and Seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
 Who always vacant always amiable
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they

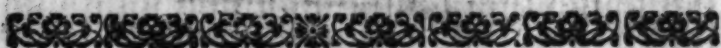
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares I have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

ODE VI.

*Apply'd to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH,**By Captain R——S——*

Should *Addison's* immortal Verse
 Thy Fame in Arms, Great Prince, rehearse,
 With *Anna's* Lightning you'd appear,
 And glitter o'er again in War:
 Repeat the proud *Bavarian's* Fall,
 And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul*.
 'Tis not for me thy Worth to shew,
 Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe.
 Describe stern *Diomed* in Fight,
 And put the wounded Gods to flight.
 I dare not with unequal Rage,
 On such a mighty Theme engage;
 Nor sully in a Verse like mine,
 Illustrious *Anna's* Praise, and thine.
 Let the laborious *Epic* Strain
 In lofty Numbers sing the Man,
 That bears to distant Worlds his Arms,
 And frights the *German* with Alarms:
 His Courage and his Conduct tell,
 And on his various Virtues dwell:
 In Trifling Cares my humble Muse
 A less ambitious Traſt purſues:
 Instead of Troops in Battle mixt,
 And *Gauls* with *British* Spears transfixt,
 She paints the ſoft Diſtreſs and Mein
 Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.

From the gay Noise, affected Air,
 And little Follies of the Fair,
 A slender Stock of Fame I raise,
 And draw from others Faults my Praise.



O D E IX.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Vides ut alta, &c.

In the Third Miscellany, Page 142.

I.

Bless me, 'tis cold! how chill the Air!
 How naked does the World appear!
 But see (big with the Off-spring of the North)
 The teeming Clouds bring forth:
 A Show'r of soft and fleecy Rain
 Falls, to new-cloath the Earth again.
 Behold the Mountain-tops around,
 As if with Fur of Ermins crown'd:
 And lo! how by Degrees
 The universal Mantle hides the Trees,
 In hoary Flakes which downward fly,
 As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky,
 Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply:
 Trembling the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
 Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
 Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II. Dif.

II.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
 Like a Disease, through all its Veins 'tis spread,
 And each late living Stream is num'd and dead.
 Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
 Let chearful Fires Sol's feeble Beams repair;
 Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine,
 Let's drink till our own Faces shine,
 Till we like Suns appear,
 To light and warm the Hemisphere.
 Fire can dispence to all both Light and Heat,
 They are with Wine incorporate :
 That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix;
 Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix;
 Let that but in abundance flow,
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
 'Tis Heav'n's Concern, and let it be
 The Care of Heaven still for me:
 These Winds which rend the Oaks and plough the Seas,
 Great Jove can, if he please,
 With one commanding Nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-Morrow's Doom;
 That is not ours which is to come.
 The present Moment's all our store:
 The next, shou'd Heav'n allow,
 Than this will be no more :
 So all our Life is but one Instant Now.
 Look on each Day you've past
 To be a mighty Treasure won :
 And lay each Moment out in haste;

We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon.
 Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
 Which from decrepit *Age* will fly;
 Sweets that wanton i'th' Bosom of the Spring,
 In *Winter's* cold Embraces dye.

IV.

Now, Love, that everlasting Boy, invites
 To revel, while we may, in soft Delights:
 Now, the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
 Nor yields in vain to youthful *Arms*.
 Slowly she promises at Night to meet,
 But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter Feet.
 To gloomy Groves and obscure Shades she flies,
 There veils the bright Confession of her Eyes.
 Unwillingly she stays,
 Would more unwillingly depart;
 And in soft Sighs conveys
 The Whispers of her Heart.
 Still she invites and still denies
 And vows she'll leave you if you're rude;
 Then from her Ravisher she flies,
 But flies to be pursu'd?
 If from his Sight she does her self convey,
 With a feign'd Laugh she will her self betray,
 And cunningly instruct him in the way.



O D E

ODE IX.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

In the Second Miscellany, Page 77.

I.

BEhold yon Mountain's hoary height,
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
 Again behold the Winter's weight
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
 And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
 Benum'd and cramp'd to solid Ground.

II.

With well heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
 And feed the genial heat with Fires;
 Produce the Wine, that makes us bold;
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires.
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide.

III.

Let Him alone with what He made,
 To toss and turn the World below;
 At His Command the Storms invade;
 The Winds by His Commission blow;
 Till with a Nod He bids 'em cease,
 And then the Calm returns, and all is Peace.

IV.

To-Morrow and her Works defy,
 Lay hold upon the present Hour,
 And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortunes Pow'r:
 Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain.
 What e're thou get'st to Day is Gain.

V.

Secure those Golden early Joys,
 That Youth unfowr'd with Sorrow bears,
 E're with'ring time the taste destroys,
 With Sicknes and unwieldy Years!
 For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,
 This is the time to be possesst,
 The best is but in Season best.

VI.

The 'pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,
 The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,
 The half unwilling willing Kifs,
 That Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
 When the kind Nymph wou'd Coynefs feign,
 And hides but to be found again,
 These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain.



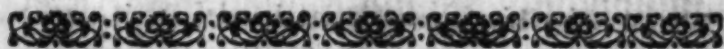
O D E IX.

Imitated.

Since the Hills all around us do Penance in Snow,
 And Winter's cold Blasts have benum'd us below;
 Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the same speed,
 As Criminals move to'ards the Psalm they can't Read:
 Throw whole Oaks at a time, nay, whole Groves on the
 To keep out the Cold, and new Vigour inspire. [Fire,
 Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent Thinking,
 But urge and pursue the grand Business of Drinking.
 Come, pierce your old Hogsheds, ne'er stint us in Sherry,
 For this is the Season to drink and be Merry.

That

That reviv'd by good Liquor, and Billets together;
 We may brave the loud Storms, and defy the cold Weather;
 We'll have no more of Business; but, Friend, as you love us,
 Leave it all to the Care of the good Folks above us.
 Whilst your Appetite's strong, and good Humour remains;
 And active, brisk Blood does enliven your Veins,
 Improve the sweet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,
 Let your Friends have the Day, and your Mistress the Night,
 In the Dark you may try, whether *Phillis* is kind;
 The Night for Intrigues was ever design'd;
 Though she runs from your Arms, and retires to a Shade,
 Some Friendly kind Sign will betray the coy Maid.
 All Trembling you'll find the poor bashful Sinner;
 Such a Trespass is Venial in any Beginner:
 But, remember this Counsel when once you have met her,
 Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's better.



O D E XIII.

By Mr. GLANVILL.

Cum Tu, *Lydia*, *Telephi*, &c.

In the Fourth Miscellany, Page 289.

I.

W^Hen happy *Strophon*'s too prevailing Charms,
 His rosie Neck, and his soft waxen Arms,
 Inhumane *Lydia* wantonly you praise,
 How cruelly my jealous Spleen you raise!
 Anger boils up in my hot lab'ring Breast,
 Not to be hid, and less to be suppress.

B 5

II. Then

II.

Then 'twixt the Rage, the Fondness, and the Shame,
 Nor Speech, nor Thought, nor Looks remain the same.
 Fickle as my Mind my various Colour shews,
 And with my Tide of Passion ebbs and flows:
 Tears stealing fall distill'd by soft Desire,
 To shew the melting Slowness of the Fire.

III.

Ah! when I see that livid Neck betray
 The Drunken Youth's too rudely wanton Play;
 When on those passive Lips the Marks I find
 Of frantick boiling Kisses left behind;
 I rave to think these cruel Tokens shew
 Things I can not mistake, and would not know.

IV.

How fond's the Hope, how foolish and how vain,
 Of lasting Love from the ungrateful Swain!
 Who that soft Lip so roughly can invade;
 Hurting with cruel Joy the tender Maid.
 Quickly they're glutted who so fierce devour;
 They suck the Nectar, and throw by the Flower.

V.

But oh! thrice happy they that equal move
 In an unbroken Yoke of faithful Love!
 Whom no Complaint, no Strife, no Jealousie
 Sets from their gentle, grateful Bondage free;
 But still they dear fast mutual Slaves remain,
 Till unkind Death breaks the unwilling Chain.

ODE

ODE XV.

Imitated by Mr. S. W.

Never Printed before.

I.

AS Paris plough'd the wat'ry Plain,
 Bearing his fatal Prize fair Helen, home,
 The sighing Winds and weeping Main
 Grew calm, whilst Nereus thus foretold his Doom
 Unhappy Youth! pursu'd by Fate
 And all that is unfortunate:
 Alas! thou know'st not, void of Care,
 How great a Flame these teeming Billows bear.
 With armed Troops, with Sword and Fire,
 Shall all united Greece conspire
 To break th' unlawful Match, and raze thy Town,
 And rend from Priam's Head his Royal Crown.
 Troy's proud Towers and Neptune's Wall,
 Fram'd by Ap' llo's sacred Lyre,
 Shall then be humbled with a Fall,
 And in one common Flame expire.
 Priam, who's now their happy Lord,
 By all his Subjects so ador'd,
 Shan't in his bury'd City find a Grave,
 Nor in the flaming Pile a Fun'ral have.

II.

Yonder methinks the dismal Tragedy
 It self is representing to mine Eye.
 Methinks I see the conqu'ring Troops appear,
 Sweating beneath the glorious Arms they bear,
 The prancing Steeds, with Thunder arm'd and Hate,
 Drive o'er the bloody Plains as swift as Fate.

Yonder

Tender display'd the warlike Banner bears
 REVENGE, inscrib'd in bloody Characters.
Revenge and Ruin lead the furious Band;
Horror and dismal Deaths its Steps attend;
Conquest at length comes panting up behind.
Methinks the azure Curtains of the Sky
Op'ning, present all Heav'n unto my wond'ring Eye.

The Gods are all in Counsel sate,
Determining the Trojan Fate.

Jove's Thunder-bearer arm'd does stand;
Pallas her Ægis takes in hand:

And all but Venus will comply

With Troy's determin'd Destiny.

Under her Conduct, thou in vain shalt bear
The hard Fatigues of unsuccessful War.

Some Love-Intreague more skilfull to attempt;

Braver in Venus than in Mars his Camp:

Where thou might'st out of Danger range and rove:

Through all the hidden Mysteries of Love:

Where thou might'st with Perfumes anoint thy Hair,

And tune in wanton Airs thy warbling Lyre,

Grat'ful and pleasing to the feeble Fair.

III.

But in her Camp in vain shalt thou reside,

In Pleasure drown'd and with Enjoyment cloy'd:

In vain shalt thou attempt to fly

From thy pursuing Destiny:

At length thou shalt (but oh too late!)

Feel the long, long deserved Blow of Fate.

See, see Ulysses and the Pylon Sire

For sculking Paris earnestly enquire.

See fierce Merion seeks to bring him forth,

Big with a swelling Tide of Wrath.

And

*And all the injur'd Greeks, whose bleeding Wounds
Excite their Courage to redress their Wrongs,*

*Whose reeking Swords when feeble you
Half Dead with Fear shall trembling view,
Swift, as the panting Doe*

*Spying the Wolf her hungry Foe,
Winged with Fear, thou'lt leave the warlike Seat,
And seek amongst the Fair a safe Retreat.*

IV.

*Achilles shall awhile resent his Wrong,
Whose Absence may the Trojan Fate prolong:
But when appeas'd, no more shall he retreat,
But with redoubled Force his Blows repeat,
Until in Seas of Blood he quench his angry Heat.*

*Thousands of Men shall fall, and Trojan Dames,
Embarqu'd for Styx in their own Crimson Streams.
At length ten rowling Tears shall bring about the times;
When Troy first drown'd in Blood must end in Flames.
Then in one blazing Pile shall Troy expire,
And then thy Flames of Love shall end in Flames of Fire.*



O D E XIX.

By Mr. CONGEEVE.

Mater saxa Cupidinum, &c.

In the Third Miscellany. Page 137.

I.

THE Tyrant Queen of soft Desires,
With the resistless Aid of sprightly Wine,
And wanton Ease, conspires
To make my Heart its Peace resign,

And

And to admit Love's long rejected Fires.
 For beauteous *Glycera* I burn;
 The Flames so long repell'd with double force return:
 Endless her Charms appear, and shine more bright
 Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light:
 With winning Coyness she my Soul disarms:
 And when her Looks are coldest, most she warms:

Her Face darts forth a thousand Rays
 Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays,
 My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! She comes! she rushes in my Veins!
 At once all *Venus* enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is blest,
 I am her Palace, and her Throne my Breast.
 Of Savage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,
 Or *Parthian Archers*, who in flying fight;
 And make rough War their sport;
 Such idle Themes no more shall move
 Nor any thing but what's of high Import;
 And what's of high Import but Love?
 Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;
 With Wine of two Years Old, your Cups be fill'd;
 After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
 The Goddess may incline her Heart to yield,



ODE XXII.

By Lord ROSCOMMON.

Integer Vitæ, &c.

Printed in the First Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 99.

Virtue, Dear Friend, needs no Defence,
 The surest Guard is Innocence:
 None knew, 'till Guilt created Fear,
 What Darts or poison'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
 Through *Lybian* Sands or *Scythian* Snows,
 Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy side
 Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)
 Careless in *Sabine* Woods I stray'd,
 A grisly foaming Wolf, unfed,
 Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beast of more portentous Size,
 In the *Hercinian* Forest lyes;
 None hee'er, in *Numidia* bred,
 With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the Remotest Place,
 That *Neptune's* frozen Arms embrace,
 Where angry *Jove* did never spare
 One-Breath of kind and temperate Air;

Let

And to admit Love's long rejected Fires,
 For beauteous *Glycers* I burn;
 The Flames so long repell'd with double force return:
 Endless her Charms appear, and shine more bright
 Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light:
 With winning Coyness she my Soul disarms:
 And when her Looks are coldest, most she warms:
 Her Face darts forth a thousand Rays
 Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays,
 My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

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 Or *Parthian Archers*, who in flying fight;
 And make rough War their sport;
 Such idle Themes no more shall move
 Nor any thing but what's of high Import;
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 After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
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ODE XXII.

By Lord ROSCOMMON.

Integer Viræ, &c.

Printed in the First Part of *Miscellany Poems*, Page 99.

Virtue, Dear Friend, needs no Defence,
The surest Guard is Innocence:
None knew, 'till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or poyson'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Lybian* Sands or *Scythian* Snows,
Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy side
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)
Careless in *Sabine* Woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming Wolf, unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beast of more portentous Size,
In the *Hercinian* Forest lyes;
None he cer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the Remotest Place,
That *Neptune's* frozen Arms embrace,
Where angry *Jove* did never spare
One-Breath of kind and temp'rate Air;

Let

Set me, where on some pathless Plain
 The swarthy *Africans* complain,
 To see the Chariot of the Sun
 So near the scorching Country run:

The burning Zone, the frozen Isles,
 Shall hear me sing of *Calia's* Smiles,
 All Cold but in her Breast I will despise,
 And dare all Heat but that of *Calia's* Eyes.



O D E XXII.

Imitated by the same Hand.

Printed before Mrs. Phillips's Poems, printed for J. T.

Virtue (dear Friend) needs no Defence;
 No Arms but its own Innocence;
 Quivers and Bows, and poyson'd Darts,
 Are only us'd by Guilty Hearts.

II.

An Honest Mind safely alone,
 May travel thro' the Burning Zone;
 Or thro' the deepest *Scythian* Snows,
 Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows,

III.

While rul'd by a resistless Fire,
 Our great * *Orinda* I admire,
 The hungry Wolves that see me stray,
 Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest Place
 That ever *Neptune* did embrace;

When

* *Mrs. Catherine Phillips.*

When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some Lybian Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of Orinda's Name
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

O D E XXII.

Imitated by Mr. THOMAS TALDEN.

In the Fourth Miscellany, Page 206.

I.

THE Man that's uncorrupt, and free from Guilt,
That the Remorse of secret Crimes ne'er felt:
Whose Breast was ne'er debauch'd with Sin,
But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
In his Integrity secure,
He fears no Danger, dreads no Pow'r:
Useless are Arms for his Defence,
That keeps a faithful Guard of Innocence.

II.

Secure the happy Innocent may rove,
The Care of ev'ry Pow'r above:

Alcibo^{us}

Altho' unarm'd he wanders o'er
 The treacherous *Lybia's* Sands, and faithless Shore.
 Tho' o'er th' inhospitable Brows
 Of savage *Caucasus* he goes:
 Thro' *Africk's* Flames, thro' *Scythia's* Snows,
 Or where *Hydaspes*, fam'd for Monsters, flows.

III.

For as within an unfrequented Grove,
 I tun'd my willing Lyre to Love:
 With pleasing am'rous Thoughts betray'd,
 Beyond my Bounds insensibly I stray'd,
 A Wolf that view'd me fled away,
 He fled from his defenceless Prey,
 When I invok'd *Maria's* Aid,
 Altho' unarm'd, the trembling Monster fled.

IV.

Not *Daunia's* teeming Sands, nor barbarous Shore,
 E'er such a dreadful Native bore:
 Nor *Africk's* nursing Caves brought forth
 So fierce a Beast, of so amazing Growth.
 Yet vain did all his Fury prove,
 Against a Breast that's arm'd with Love;
 Tho' absent, fair *Maria's* Name
 Subdues the Fierce, and makes the Savage tame.

V.

Commir me now to that abandon'd Place,
 Whence cheerful Light withdraws its Rays;
 No Beams on barren Nature smile,
 Nor fruitful Winds refresh th' intemp'rate Soil:
 But Tempests, with eternal Frost,
 Still rage around the gloomy Coast;
 Whilst angry *Jove* infects the Air,
 And black with Clouds, deforms the sullen Year.

VI. Or

VI.

Or place me now beneath the Torrid Zone,
To live a Borderer on the Sun:

Send me to scorching Lands, whose Heat
Guards the destructive Soil from Humane Feet:

Yet there I'll sing *Maria's* Name,

And sport, uninjur'd, 'midst the Flame:

Maria's Name! That will create, even there,

A milder Climate, and more temperate Air.



O D E XXII.

Paraphrastically Imitated by Mr. J. H.

Never Printed before.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.

I.

Hence slavish Fear, thy Stygian Wings display!
Thou ugly Fiend of Hell, away!

Wrapt in thick Clouds, and Shades of Night,

To conscious Souls direct thy Flight!

There brood on Guilt, fix there a loath'd Embrace,

And propagate vain Terrors, Frights,

Dreams, Goblins, and imagin'd Sprights,

Thy visionary Tribe thy black and monstrous Race.

Go, haunt the Slave that stains his Hands in Gore!

Possess the perjur'd Mind, and wrack the Usurer more

Than his Oppression did the Poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble Wretches! you prepare

The glut'ring Forgery of War;

The

*The poison'd Dart, the Parthian Bow, and Spear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which pois'd and guided from his Ear
He whirls impetuous thro' the Field:
In vain you brace the Helm, and heave in vain the Shield,
He's only safe whose Armour of Defence
Is adamantine Innocence.*

III.

*If o'er the steepy Alps he go,
(Vast Mountains of eternal Snow)
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaspes flow,
If o'er parch'd Africk's desert Land,
Where threatening from afar,
Th' affrighted Traveller
Encounters moving Hills of Sand;
No Sense of Danger can disturb his Rest;
He fears no human Force, nor savage Beast,
Impenetrable Courage steels his manly Breast.*

IV.

*Thus late within the Sabine Grove,
While free from Care, and full of Love
I raise my tuneful Voice, and stray
Regardless of my self and Way,
A grizly Wolf with glaring Eye
View'd me disarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer Monster ne'er in quest of Food
Apulian Forests did molest;
Numidia never saw a more prodigious Beast:
Numidia, Mother of the tawny Brood;
Where the sour Lyon shakes his brindled Mane,
And rears aloud for Prey, and scours the spacious Plain.*

V.

Place me where no soft Breeze of Summer Wind

Did e'er the stiffned Soil unbind:

Where no intruding Warmth e'er durst invade,

But Winter holds his unmolested Seat

In all his hoary Robes array'd,

And rattling Storms of Hail, and noisie Tempests beat.

Place me beneath the scorching Blaze

Of the fierce Sun's immediate Rays;

Where House nor Cottage e'er were seen,

Nor rooted Plant or Tree, nor springing Green.

Yet (lovely Lalage!) my generous Flame

Shall ne'er expire, I'll boldly sing of thee,

Charm'd with the Musick of thy Name,

And guarded by the Gods of Love and Poetry.

O D E XXVIII.

Imitated by Mr. P R I O R.

Te Maris & Terræ, numeroque carentis Arenæ
Menforem, cohibent, Achytæ, &c.

Printed in Mr. Prior's Poems, Page 135.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed Friend,
Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end,
Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail,
That anxious thou from Pole to Pole didst Sail,
E're on the Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?

What

What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
 In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?
 To wake e'er Morning dawn to loud Alarms;
 And march 'till Close of Night in heavy Arms:
 To scorn the Summer's Suns, and Winter's Snows,
 And search thro' every Clime thy Country's Foes?
 That thou might'st Fortune to thy Side engage,
 That gentle Peace might quell *Bellona's* Rage;
 And *Anna's* Bounty crown her Soldier's hoary Age?
 In vain we know that free-will'd Man has Pow'r,
 To hasten or protract th'appointed Hour.
 Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
 Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor mis-led by Chance,
 Imperious Death directs the Ebon Lance;
 Peoples great *Henry's* Tombs, and leads up *Holben's* Dance.

Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
 Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage:
 For neither *William's* Pow'r, nor *Mary's* Charms
 Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms.
 Young *Churchill* fell as Life began to bloom;
 And *Bradford's* trembling Age expects the Tomb.
 Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
 One Moment's Respite for the Learned Head.
 Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
Mecenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde,
 And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
 Those gloomy Journies, which their Sires have led.
 The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain,
 That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
 With all the Births and Deaths he had in store,
 Went out *Pythagoras*, and came no more.

And

And modern *As*—I, whose capacious Thought
Is yet with Stores of wilder Notions fraught,
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath,
Which play'd so idly with the Darts of Death.

Some from the stranded Vessel force their Way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:

Some who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave.

In Journies, or at home, in War or Peace;

By Hardships many, many fall by Ease.

Each changing Season does its Poison bring;

Rheums chill the Winter; Agues blast the Spring:

Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,

All act subservient to the Tyrant's Power;

And when obedient Nature knows his Will,

A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill,

For restless *Proserpine* for ever treads

In Paths unseen o'er our devoted Heads;

And on the spacious Land and Liquid Main

Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain;

Variety of Deaths confirm her endless Reign.

On curst *Piava's* Banks the Goddess stood,

Shew'd her dire Warrant to the rising Flood;

Then, whom I long must love, and long must mourn,

With fatal Speed was urging his Return;

In his dear Country to disperse his Care,

And arm himself by rest for future War:

To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,

And promise to their Joys his elder Years.

Oh! Destin'd Head! and oh! Severe Decree!

Nor native Country thou, nor Friend shalt see;

Nor War hast thou to Wage, nor Year to come:

Impending Death is thine, and instant Doom!

Hark!

Hark! The imperious Goddess is obey'd,
 Winds murmur, Snows descend, and Waters spread!
 Oh! Kinsman, Friend! ——— Oh! Vain are all the Cries
 Of humane Voice! Strong Destiny replies;
Weep you on Earth, for he shall sleep below;
Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Who e'er thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
 To this sad River or the neighbouring Meads;
 If thou may'st happen on the dreery Shoars
 To find the Object which this Verse deplores;
 Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand,
 From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
 Lay the dead Heroe graceful in a Grave,
 The only Honour he can now receive;
 And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw,
 And plant the Warriour Laurel o'er his Brow;
 Light lye the Earth, and flourish green the Bough.

So may just Heav'n secure thy future Life
 From foreign Dangers, and domestick Strife:
 And when th' infernal Judge's dismal Power,
 From the dark Urn shall throw thy destin'd Hour;
 When yielding to the Sentence, breathless thou
 And Pale shalt lye, as what thou buriest now;
 May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
 And equal Rites perform to that which once was thee.



ODE XXIX.

Translated by Mr. W. DUNCOMB.

To ICCIUS, a Philosopher,

Horace upbraids him with his Intention to quit his Book, and the Study of Philosophy, for a Military Life, out of an avaricious Temper.

ICCIUS, whose Breast th' Arabian Gold inspires,
 From Lusts of happy Wealth, with Martial Fires;
 Who boldly now designs to take the Field,
 Against *Sabaan* Kings, unknowing yet to yield;
 And proudly meditat'st the sullen *Mede*,
 Thy Slave in Chains triumphantly to lead.
 What Captive Dam'sel shall thy Will obey,
 For Husband slain, and own thy Sov'reign Sway?
 What spruce and courtly Youth, with plaited Hair,
 Shall at thy Board the brimming Goblet bear;
 Skilful from his Hereditary Bow,
 With finewy Force the *Parthian* Shaft to throw?
 Who will deny, that Rivers may ascend,
 And *Tyber's* rapid Current backward bend?
 When you, who promis'd better Things, prepare
 A Captain's Equipage, and seek the War:
 And change *Panasius'* Books, with Care procur'd,
 And *Xenophon* and *Plato* for the Sword,



H O R A C E. Book I.

O D E XXXI.

By Mr. J. H.

Never Printed before.

Quid Dedicatum, &c.

Whilst the rich sparkling Juice I sacrifice,
'Tis not a Bribe to tempt the Deities.

I ask not Heaven the plenteous Crops of Corn,
In rich Sardinia's fat Enclosures born;
Not the large Flocks Calabria's Mountains feed,
Nor numerous Herds its teeming Vallies breed;
Not the Ivory Teeth rear'd under Asian Pines,
Nor Gold nor Gems that sleep in Indian Mines;
Nor verdant Plains where silent Lyrus flows,
And deals its fatning Moisture as it goes.
Where Fortune blindly has bestow'd her Vines,
Let such prepare and drink the racey Wines;
Let the rich Merchants who can rule the Seas,
And of the Gods buy prosperous Voyages,
Let him exchange his precious Gums and Spices,
And costly Balms, for Wine to feed his Vices.
Let him in luscious far-fetch'd Dainties rove,
Pour endless Floods into his golden Bowl.
And drink the Pleasure to his inmost Soul.

Give me a wholesome Salad from the Fields,
Such homely Fare as Nature frankly yields;
Add to this frugal Life but Health and Sense,
I ask no greater Things of Providence.
Only thou God of Numbers and the Lyre,
Do thou my Musick and my Verse inspire,
And when this snowy Head is chill'd with Age,
Still in my Breast preserve thy Sacred Rage.

O D E

ODE XXXIII.

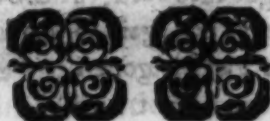
By the same Hand.

Never Printed before.

Tibi, ne doleas, &c.

Mourn not, Tibullus, if some younger Charms
Have drawn your perjur'd Mistress from your Arms;
'Tis not your Fate alone: The brightest Maid
That Rome can boast, is by her Love betray'd,
And pines that Cyrus makes unkind Returns,
Whilst for a Nymph less fair and kind he burns.
But sooner shall fierce Wolves with Kids conspire,
Than rigid Poloe grant his lewd Desire,
Or melt before the Boy's unlawful Fire.)
Thus do the hard unfeeling Powers above
Match the rough Vulture to the softer Dove,
And make a cruel Sport of Mortals Love.
Even I, tho' nobler Virgins court my Bed,
Am yet bewitch'd to Love a Chamber-Maid:
Myrtale, rougher than the boisterous Waves,
Has Charms enough to make poor Poets Slaves,

33



C 2

HORACE



H O R A C E.

BOOK II. ODE II.

Imitated by Mr. *PRIOR*.

Written in the Year 1692.

Printed by J. Tonson in Folio.



OW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt thou lye
 In the lethargick Sleep, the sad Repose,
 By which thy close, thy constant Enemy,
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy Woes?
 Or wake degenerate Isle, or cease to own
 What thy old Kings in *Gallick* Camps have done;
 The Spoils they brought thee back, the Crowns they won.
William, (so Fate requires) again is arm'd;
 Thy Father to the Field is gone;
 Again *Maria* weeps her absent Lord;
 For thy Repose content to rule alone.
 Are thy enervate Sons not yet alarm'd?
 When *William* fights, dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their ancient Fame restor'd,
 As not to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's Sword?

II. See

II.

See the repenting Isle awakes,
 Her vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks:
 The Fogs around her Temples are dispell'd;
 Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd *Belgia* stand
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command;
 Her Lions roaring by her Side, her Arrows in her Hand:
 And blushing to have been so long with held,
 Weeps off her Crime, and hastens to the Field.

Henceforth her Youth shall be inur'd to bear
 Hazardous Toil and active War:
 To march beneath the Dog-star's raging Heat,
 Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat,
 And only grieve in Winter's Camps to find
 Its Days too short for Labours they design'd:
 All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to watch,
 All Day to mount the Trench, to storm the Breach;
 And all the rugged Paths to tread
 Where *William* and his Virtue lead.

III.

(a) Silence is the Soul of War;
 Deliberate Counsel must prepare
 The mighty Work which Valour must compleat:
 Thus *William* rescu'd, thus preserves the State;
 Thus teaches us to think and dare:
 As whilst his Canon just prepar'd to breath
 Avenging Anger and swift Death,
 In the try'd Metal the close Dangers glow,
 And now too late the dying Foe
 Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow.

C 3

So

(a) *Est & fideli tutu Silentio*

Mercies, &c.

So whilst in *William's* Breast ripe Counsels lye,
 Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
 No more of his Design appears
 Than what awakens *Gallia's* Fears.
 And (cho' Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted *Lewis* can descry
 Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* Coasts, and Banks of frighted *Seine*,
 Lo the impending Storms begin!
Britannia safely thro' her Master's Sea
 Plows up her victorious Way.
 The *French Salmones* throws his Bolts in vain,
 Whilst the *True Thunderer* asserts the Main!
 'Tis done, to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire.
 Swift Victory in vengeful Flames
 Burns down the Pride of their presumptuous Names:
 They run to Shipwreck, to avoid our Fire,
 And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast,
 Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost.
 All this the mild, the beauteous Queen has done,
 And *William's* softer Half shakes *Lewis'* Throne.
Maria does the Sea command,
 Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arm by Land:
 So, the Sun absent, with full Sway the Moon
 Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone;
 So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone,
 Lo *Britannia*! Loose thy Ocean's Chains,
 Whilst *Ruffel* strikes the Blow thy Queen ordains:
 Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
 And bless the Counsel, and reward the Hand,
 Lo, *Britannia*! thy *Maria* reigns..

V.

(a) From *Mary's* Conquests, and the rescu'd Main,
 Let *France* look forth to *Sambre's* armed Shore,
 And boast her Joy for *William's* Death no more;
 He lives, let *France* confess the Victor lives :
 Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
 And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
 The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
 In which *that one* of *Lewis's* many Wives,
 Who by the baleful Force of guilty Charms,
 Had long inthrall'd him in her wither'd Arms,
 Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high,
 Cast around her mournful Eye,
 And with Prophetick Sorrow cry:

Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?
Why does Despair provoke his Age to fight?
As well the Wolf may venture to engage
The angry Lyon's generous Rage:
The rav'nous Vultur, and the Bird of Night,
As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's Flight:
As Lewis to unequal Arms defy
Yon Hero, crown'd with blooming Victory.
Just triumphing o'er Rebel-Rage restrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from Battels gain'd.
See! all yon dusty Fields quite cover'd o'er
With hostile Troops, and Orange at their Head.

C 4

Orange

(a) — *Illum ex Moenibus hosticis,*
Matrona bellantis Tyranni
Prospiciens, & adulta Virgo
Suspirat, Eheu! Ne rudis Agminum
Sponsus laceffat Regius asperam,
Tactu Leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit Ira Cædes.

Orange destin'd to compleat

The great Designs of lab'ring Fate.

Orange! The Name that Tyrants dread:

He comes! Our ruin'd Empire is no more:

Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallick Throne;

Darius flies, young Ammon urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious Battle's mingled Heat,

(a) Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing,

Impatient to secure a base Retreat:

Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,

For the vile Privilege to breath,

To live with Shame in dread of glorious Death,

In vain; for Fate has swifter Wings than Fear,

She follows hard, and sticks him in the Rear:

Dying and mad the Tyrant bites the Ground,

His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound;

Whilst thro' the fiercest Troops and thickest Press,

Virtue carries on Success;

Whilst equal Heaven guards the distinguish'd Brave,

And Armies cannot hurt, whom Angels save.

VII.

(b) Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives;

Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives:

Aeneas

(a) Dulce & decorum est pro Patriâ mori,

Mors & Fugacem prosequitur Virum,

Nec parcat impbellis Juventa,

Poplitibus timidoque Tergo.

(b) Virtus Repulsa nescia sordida

Intaminatis fulget Honoribus

Nec ponit aut sumit Secures

Arbitrio Popularis Aura.

Aeneas suffer'd, *Achilles* fought,
The Hero's Acts enlarg'd the Poet's Thought;
Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage,
Had ne'er, like lasting Nature, vanquish'd Age:
Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terror drowns
With Drums Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds,
Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats, and guarded Towns,

From Danger as from Honour free,
He bribes close Murder against open War:
In vain you *Gallick* Muses strive

With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive;
Your mouldring Monuments in vain you raise
On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise:
Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are prophane;

'Tis Incense to an Idol giv'n,

Meat offer'd to *Prometheus'* Man,

That had no Soul from Heav'n.

Against his Will you chain your frightened King

On Rapid *Rhine's* divided Bed,

And mock your Hero, whilst you sing

The Wounds for which he never bled;

Falshood does Poison on your Praise diffuse,

And *Lewis'* Fear gives Death to *Boileau's* Muse.

VIII.

On its own Worth true Majesty is rear'd,

And Virtue is her own Reward,

With solid Beams, and native Glory bright,

She neither Darkness dreads, nor covets Light;

True to herself, and fix'd to inborn Laws,

Nor sunk by Spite, nor lifted by Applause,

She from her settled Orb looks calmly down,

On Life or Death, a Prison, or a Crown,

When, bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay,
 To foreign Arms, and inward Strife a Prey,
 Whilst one good Man buoy'd up her sinking State;
 And Virtue labour'd against Fate:
 When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
 And all was Conquer'd but the Patriot's Mind:
 When Storms let loose and raging Seas,
 Just ready the torn Vessel to o'erwhelm,
 Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm;
 Nor all the *Siren* Songs of future Peace,
 And dazzling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,
 Could lure his stubborn Virtue down;
 But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell he stood;
 To that which was severely good;
 Then had no Trophies justify'd his Fame,
 No Poet blest'd his Song with *Nassau's* Name,
 Virtue alone did all that Honour bring,
 And Heaven as plainly pointed out the King,
 As when he at the Altar stood,
 In all his Types and Robes of Power;
 Whilst at his Feet religious *Britain* bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful *Maese*, and *Boyne's* victorious Flood,
 (For each had mix'd his Waves with Royal Blood)
 When *William's* Armies past, did he retire,
 Or view from far the Battel's distant Fire?
 Could he believe his Person was too dear?
 Or use his Greatness to conceal his Fear?
 Could Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntless Hero move?
 Arm'd with Heav'n's Justice, and his People's Love,
 Thro' the first Waves he wing'd his vent'rous Way;

And

And on the adverse Shore arose
(Ten thousand flying Deaths in vain oppose)
Like the Great Ruler of the Day
With Strength and Swiftneſs mounting from the Seas.
Like him all Day he toil'd; but long in Night
The God had eas'd his weary'd Light,
E're Vengeance left the ſtubborn Foes,
Or *William's* Labours found Repose.
When his Troops falter'd; ſtept not he between;
Reſtor'd the dubious Fight again;
Mark'd out the Coward that durſt fly,
And led the fainting Brave to Victory?
Still, as ſhe fled him, did he not o'erſtake
Her doubtful Courſe, and brought her bleeding back?
By his keen Sword did not the Boldeſt fall?
Was he not King, Commander, Soldier, All——?
His Danger ſuch, as with becoming Dread,
His Subjects yet unborn ſhall weep to read;
And were not they the Only Days that e'er
The pious Prince refus'd to hear
His Friend's Advices, or his Subject's Prayer?

X.

Where e'er Old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
Or fills his Vaſſals Tributary Urns;
To *Belgia's* fav'd Dominions and the Sea,
Whoſe righted Waves rejoyce in *William's* Sway,
Is there a Town, where Children are not taught,
Here Orange proſper'd, for *here Orange* fought,
Thro' rapid Waters, and thro' flying Fire,
Here ruſh'd the Prince, here made whole France retire.
By different Nations be this Valour bleſt,
In different Languages confeſs'd,
And then let *Shannon* ſpeak the reſt;

Let

Let *Shannon* speak, how on her won'dring Shore,
When Conquest on his hov'ring Arms did wait,
And only ask'd some Lives to bribe her o'er.

The Godlike Man, the more than Conqueror,
With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait,
And scorning Glory at a Price too great,
With so much Power such Piety did join,

As made a perfect Virtue fear
A Pitch unknown to Man before,
And lifted *Shannon's* Waves o'er those of *Boynes*.

X.

Nor do his Subjects only share
The prosperous Fruits of his indulgent Reign,
His Enemies approve the pious War,
Which with their Weapons takes away their Chain,
More than his Sword his Goodness strikes his Foes,
They bless his Arms, and sigh they must oppose:
Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,
And 'tis for Man's Delight that he is great:
Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,
If he were more a Victor, or a Friend:
So much his Courage and his Mercy strive;
He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

XII.

Ye Heroes that have fought your Country's Cause,
Redress'd her Injuries, or form'd her Laws,
To my advent'rous Song just Witness bear,
Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
But solid Story, and severest Truth,
That *William* treasures up a greater Name,
Than any Country, any Age can boast,

(4) And

(a) And all that ancient Stock of Fame
He did from his Fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with Interest back;
And in his Constellation does unite
Their scatter'd Rays of fainter Light:
Above or Envy's Lash, or Fortune's Wheel,
That settled Glory shall for ever dwell;
Above the rolling Orbs and common Sky;
Where nothing comes that e'er shall dye.

XIII.

Where roves the Muse? Where, thoughtless to return,
Is her short-liv'd Vessel born?
By potent Winds too subject to be tost?
And in the Sea of William's Praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore,
Where our abandon'd Youth she sees,
Shipwrack'd in Luxury and lost in Ease;
Whom not *Britannia's* Danger can alarm,
Nor *William's* exemplary Virtue warm:
Tell 'em howe'er the King can yet forgive
Their guilty Sloth; their Homage yet receive;
And let their wounded Honour live:
But sure and sudden be their just Remorse,
Swift be their Virtue's Rise, and strong its Course.
(b) For tho' for certain Years and destin'd Times,
Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes;

(a) *Virtus recludens immeritis mori,
Coelum, negatâ tentat Iter Viâ,
Coetusque vulgares & Udum,
Spernis Humum fugiente Pennâ.*

(b) ——— *Sape Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidis Integrum
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deservit Peda Pana Claudio.*

Tho'

Tho' *Jove* seem'd negligent of human Cares,
 Nor scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs,
 His Justice now demands the equal Scales,
 Sedition is suppress'd, and Truth prevails:
 Fate its great Ends by slow Degrees attains,
 And *Europe* is redeem'd, and *William* Reigns.



O D E III.

Æquam Memento, &c.

In the Third Miscellany, Page 181.

I.

BE calm, my *Delius*, and serene,
 However Fortune change the Scene!
 In thy most Dejected State,
 Sink not underneath the Weight;
 Nor yet, when Happy Days begin,
 And the full Tide comes rowling in,
 Let a fierce unruly Joy
 The settled Quiet of thy Mind destroy:
However Fortune change the Scene,
Be calm, my Delius, and serene!

II.

Be thy Lot good, or be it ill,
 Life ebbs out at the same rate still:
 Whether with busie Cares oppress,
 You wear the sullen Time away;
 Or whether to sweet Ease and Rest
 You sometimes give a Day;

Carelessly

BOOK II. HORACE.

51

Carelessly laid,
Underneath a friendly Shade
By Pines and Poplars mixt Embraces made;
Near a River's sliding Stream
Fetter'd in Sleep, blest'd with a Golden Dream.

III.

Here, here, in this much envied State,
Let every Blessing on thee wait;
Bid the Syrian Nard be brought,
Bid the hidden Wine be sought,
And let the Rose's short-liv'd Flower,
The smiling Daughter of an Hour,
Flourish on thy Brow:
Enjoy the very, very now!
While the good Hand of Life is in,
While yet the fatal Sisters spin.

IV.

A little hence, my Friend, and thou
Must into other Hands resign
Thy Gardens and thy Parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing Name of *thine*:
Thy Meadows, by whose planted Tides,
Silver Tyber gently glides!
Thy pleasant Houses; all must go,
The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too;
A jolly Heir shall set it free,
And give the imprison'd Monarch Liberty.

V.

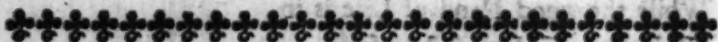
Nor matters it, what Figure here
Thou dost among thy Fellow-mortals bear;
How thou wert born, or how begot,
Impartial Death matters it not:

With

With what Titles thou dost shine,
 Or who was first of all thy Line:
 Life's vain Amusements! amidst which we dwell,
 Not weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim God of Hell,

VI.

In the same Road (alas!) All travel on!
 By all alike, the same sad Journey must be gone!
 Our blended Lots together lye,
 Mingled in one common Urn,
 Sooner or later out they fly:
 The fatal *Boat* then wafts us to the Shore,—
 Whence we never shall return
 Never——Never more!



O D E IV.

Imitated.

The Lord G—— to the E. of S——

Ne sit Ancilla, tibi Amor Pudori, &c.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
 Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
 To B——le the Brown;
 But publicly espouse the Dame,
 And say G——d——*the Town*,

Full many Heroes fierce and keen,
 With Drabs have deeply smitten been,

Al:

Although right good Commanders,
Some who with you have *Hounslow* seen,
And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not base *Greber's* Pegg inflame
The sober Earl of N———m,
Of sober Sire descended,
That careless of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-Houses he Nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is Height,
Who rules the Roast with matchless Might
Since *Williams* went to Heaven,
Loves *Maintenon*, his Lady bright,
Who was but *Scarron's* Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy dear Father kept an Inn,
At grizly Head of *Saracens*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet she might come of gentler Kind
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large, her Choice had she,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which she with Scorn rejected:
And can a Nymph so virtuous, be
Of Base-born Blood suspected?

VIII.

Her dimple Cheek and roguish Eye,
Her slender Waste, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;

But,

But, Faith, tho' I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;
Besides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of Five and Forty.



ODE IV.

Englisht by Mr. DUKE.

Printed in the First Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 108.

BLush not, my Friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captive's Eyes do move;
Achilles once the fierce, the brave,
Stooped to the Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmessa's Charms could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conqueror;
Great *Agamemnon*, when Success
Did all his Arms with Conquest bless;
When *Hector's* Fall had gain'd him more
Then Ten long rolling Years before;
By a bright captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midst of Triumph dyes.
You know not to what mighty Line
The lovely Maid may make you joyn;
See but the Charms her Sorrow wears,
No Common Cause could draw such Tears;

Those

BOOK II. HORACE.

55

Those Streams sure that adorn her so
For loss of Royal Kindred flow:
Oh! Think not so divine a Thing
Could from the Bed of Commons spring,
Whose Faith could so unmov'd remain,
And so averse to sordid Gain,
Was never born of any Race
That might the noblest Love disgrace.
Her blooming Face, her snowy Arms,
Her well shap'd Leg, and all her Charms,
Of her Body, and her Face,
I, poor I, may safely praise.
Suspect not Love the youthful Rage
From *Horace's* declining Age,
But think remov'd by forty Years,
All his Flames and all thy Fears.



To his Friend Captain CHAMBERLINE;

In Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine Prize at Sea.

In Allusion to the Fourth O D E.

By Mr. YALDEN.

In the Third Miscellany, Page 228.

'TIS no Disgrace (brave Youth) to own
By a fair Slave you are undone:
Why dost thou blush to hear that Name,
And stifle thus a generous Flame?
Did not the Fair *Briseis* heretofore
With powerful Charms subdue?

What?

What, tho' a Captive, still she bore
 Those Eyes that Freedom cou'd restore,
 And make her haughty Lord, the proud *Achilles*, bow-

II.

Stern *Ajax*, tho' renown'd in Arms,
 Did yield to bright *Telemessa's* Charms:
 And all the Laurels he had won,
 As Trophies at her Feet were thrown.
 When beautiful in Tears he view'd the mourning Fair,
 The Hero felt her Power:
 Tho' great in Camps, and fierce in War,
 Her softer Looks he cou'd not bear,
 Proud to become her Slave, tho' late her Conqueror.

III.

When *Beauty* in Distress appears,
 An irresistible Charm it bears:
 In every Breast does Pity move.
Pity, the Tender'st Part of Love,
 Amidst the Triumphs great *Atrides* shew'd:
 Unto a weeping Maid:
 Tho' *Troy* was by his Arms subdu'd,
 And *Greece* the bloody Trophies view'd,
 Yet at a Captive's Feet the imploring Victor laid.

IV.

Think not, thy charming Maid can be
 Of a Base Stock, a Mean Degree;
 Her Shape, her Air, her every Grace,
 A more than vulgar Birth confess.
 Yes, yes, my Friend, with Royal Blood she's great;
 Sprung from some Monarch's Bed:
 Now mourns her Family's hard Fate,
 Her mighty Fall and abject State,
 And her illustrious Race conceals with noble Pride.

V. Ah!

V.

Ah! think not an ignoble House
 Cou'd such a Heroine produce;
 Nor think such generous sprightly *Blood*,
 Cou'd flow from the Corrupted Crowd;
 But view her Courage, her undaunted Mind

And Soul with Virtues crown'd:
 Where dazzling Int'rest cannot blind,
 Nor Youth, nor Gold Admittance find,
 But still her Honour's fix'd, and Virtue keeps its Ground

VI.

View well her great Majestick *Air*,
 And modest Looks divinely fair:
 Too bright for Fancy to improve,
 And worthy of the noblest Love.
 But yet suspect not thy officious Friend,
 All jealous Thoughts remove:
 Tho' I with youthful Heat commend,
 For thee I all my Wishes send.
 And if she makes thee blest, 'tis all I ask of Love.



ODE V.

Imitated by Mr. B. H.

Never before Printed.

I.

WHY so impatient, tell me why,
 To pluck the Rose before 'tis blown?
 Why so intent within her Arms to lye?
 As yet the Seeds of Love are scarcely sown.
 Nature hasn't taught her yet the Art
 To exchange the Bliss, and play an equal Part.

Nov

Nor are her Shoulders fit to bear
 The Weight of Love, when it once fastens there;
 She'd rather wanton in a Stream,
 Or in the flow'ry Meadows play,
 As yet not conscious of a Flame,
 But that which scorches her, the Day.

II.

Awile your Importunities delay,
 Time will disclose the hidden Treasure,
 Then with a just Consent you may
 Take the Possession of the Pleasure.
 Already she reveals her Flame,
 The God of Love is big within her:
 Her Words, her Eyes, her every thing proclaim
 How fain she'd be a Sinner.
 See with what fervent Heat she presses,
 As if she'd challenge your Addresses.
 See how the Blushes fly from ev'ry Part
 And softly tell the Distates of her Heart.
 Nor is it all so strange and new,
 Nature supplies the Strength she takes from you.

III.

The sprightly Nymph no longer can conceal,
 Her Morning Beauty she's resolv'd to spend
 With some deserving Friend,
 E'er Death o'er all her Glories draws the Veil.
 To tell the Truth, she's exquisitely fine,
 In her the scatter'd Rays of Beauty join,
 Nature in her has her whole self undone,
 And robs the Sex, to Crowd them into one.
 Chloris and Phillis something fair,
 Are but as Foils, should they with her compare.]

BOOK II. *H O R A C E.*

59

*The Moon her self when at the Full,
Is in respect but gloomy, dark and dull;
Nay pretty Ned's most amorous Grace,
Can't reach the bright Perfection of her Face,
Tho' to a Miracle so neat,
You'd swear he were a Cheat.*



O D E VIII.

Englisht by Mr. D U K E.

In the First Miscellany, Pag. 110.

IF ever any injur'd Power,
By which the false *Barine* swore,
False, fair *Barine*, on thy Head
Had the least Mark of Vengeance shed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy Perjury,
I should believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow:
Of all our Youth the publick Care,
Nor half so false as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead Mother's sacred Urn,
By Heaven, and all the Stars that shine,
Without, and every God within.
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty Vows does smile;
Her Nymphs all smile, her little Son
Does smile, and to his Quiver runs;

Does

Does smile, and fall to whet his Darts,
 To wound for thee fresh Lovers Hearts.
 See all the Youth does thee obey,
 Thy Train of Slaves grows every Day;
 Nor leave thy former Subjects thee,
 Tho' oft they threaten to be free;
 Tho' oft with Vows false as thine are,
 Their forsworn Mistress they forswear.
 Thee every careful Mother fears
 For her Son's Blooming Tender Years;
 Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride,
 In Hymen's Fetters newly ty'd,
 Lest thou detain, by stronger Charms,
 Th' expected Husband from her Arms.

O D E X.

By Mr. T. B.

Never Printed before.

Rectius vives, Licini, &c.

I.

TRust me, dear Friend, the safest way,
 To steer in Life's inconstant Sen,
 Is not too far to trust the treach'rous Tide,
 Whilst the smooth Waters gently glide;
 Nor whilst the angry Billows roar,
 To touch too nigh upon the dang'rous Shore.

II.

He, who within the golden Mean
 Confines his swelling Passion in,

As his great Soul disdains the homely Cell
 Where humble Poverty doth dwell;
 So is his Modesty as great,
 To baulk the Envy of a Princely State.

III.

The haughty Pine which proudly shrouds
 Its leafy Brow among the Clouds,
 Stands still expos'd to each rude Blast of Wind:
 Nor can the lofty Towers find,
 When the loud Thunder-storms arise,
 Any Protection in their Neighbour Skies:

IV.

He who's a Slave to neither State,
 Nor shrinks when Poor, nor swells when Great,
 For Jove, the same who does the Winter bring,
 Will close the frozen Scens again;
 When the fair Spring shall soon appear,
 In all her Charms to grace the new-born Year.

V.

Tho' now the Clouds seem big with Rain,
 Yet fear not; 'twill clear up again,
 His Bow Apollo do's not always bend,
 Nor on wild Beasts his Fury spend;
 But sometimes does his Muse inspire
 With the soft Accents of his milder Lyre.

VI.

Beware, when Fortunc proves unkind,
 To keep a steady well-pois'd Mind;
 That, whatsoever Storms appear,
 All may be calm and quiet there:
 But when with too indulgent Gales
 She fills, then gather in your swelling Sails.

ODE X.

By Mr. NORRIS.

Rectius vives, Licini, &c.

'TIS much the better Way, believe me 'tis
 Not far to venture on the great *Abyss*,
 Nor yet (from Storms thy Vessel to secure)
 To touch too nigh upon the dangerous Shore.

The *Golden Mean*, as she's too nice to dwell
 Among the Ruins of a filthy Cell,
 So is her Modesty withal as greiv'
 To baulk the Envy of a Princely Seat.

Th'ambitious Winds with greater Spite combine
 To shock the Grandeur of the stately Pine.
 The Height of Structure makes the Ruin large,
 And Clouds against high Hills their hottest Bolts discharge.

An Even Well-pois'd Mind, an Evil State
 With Hope, a Good with Fear does moderate.
 The Summer's Pride by Winter is brought down,
 And Flowers again the Conquering Season crown.

Take heart, nor of the Laws of Fate complain,
 Tho' now 'tis cloudy, 'twill clear up again.
 The Bow *Apollo* does not always use,
 But with his milder Lyre sometimes awakes the Muse.

Be Life and Spirit, when Fortune proves unkind,
 And summon up the Vigor of thy Mind.
 But when thou'rt driven by too officious Gales,
 Be wise, and gather in the swelling Sail.



O D E X.

In the Second Miscellany, Page 130.

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
 But how to do it very few can tell;
 He sure doth best who a true Mean can keep,
 Nor boldly sails too far into the Deep;
 Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
 And runs the Danger of the Rocks and Sand.
 Who to that happy *Medium* can attain;
 Who neither seeks for, nor despises Gain,
 Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high;
 He shuns th'unwholsom Ills of Poverty;
 And is secure from Envy, which attends
 A sumptuous Table, and a Crowd of Friends.
 Their treacherous Height doth the tall Pines expose
 To the rude Blasts of every Wind that blows;
 And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
 Are near their Ruin as they're near the Sky;
 And when they fall, what was their Pride before,
 Serves only then t'increase their Fall the more.
 Who wisely governs and directs his Mind,
 Never despairs, though Fortune be unkind;
 He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
 He bears it patiently, and hopes again.

And if at last a kinder Fate conspires
 To heap upon him more than he desires;
 He then suspects the Kindness he enjoys,
 Takes it with Thanks, but with such Care employs,
 As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
 Would once resume what it bestow'd before.
 He finds Man's Life, by an Eternal Skill,
 Is temper'd equally with Good and Ill.
 Fate shapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
 Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's Fears;
 And 'tis by an unerring Rule decreed,
 That this shall that alternately succeed,
 Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wise,
 And bear its Ills without the least Surprise.
 The more you are oppress'd, bear up the more,
 Weather the Tempest till its Rage be o'er.
 But if too prosperous and too strong a Gale,
 Should rather ruffle than just fill your Sail,
 Lessen it, and let it take but so much Wind,
 As is proportion'd to the Course design'd,
 " For 'tis the greatest Part of Human Skill,
 " To use good Fortune, and to bear our Ill.



O D E X.

I.

L *Icinius*, would you learn from me
 The Arts of living safe and free;
 Trust not too far the faithless Sea,
 Nor treacherous Winds explore;
 Nor yet solicitous to avoid
 The impetuous Ocean's threat'ning Pride,
 Your Bark too much as closely guide
 Along the rocky Shore,

II. Him

II.

Him who the Golden Mean does praise,
A sordid Cottage does not please,
Nor asks he Marble Palaces,

3

Th' invidious Scenes of State.

Light'ning on Hills, and raging Winds
Fall fiercest on the lofty Pines,

3

And when a mighty Tow'r declines,
More dreadful is its Fate.

III.

The true Philosophers, who dare,
Thro' both Presumption and Despair,
In Cloudy Fortune hope; in Fair

3

Expect a changing Sky;

The same Almighty Sov'reign Powers,
That Storm to Day in frightful Showers,
To Morrow are more kindly ours,

3

And lay their Thunder by.

IV.

Fair Weather, Time, and Patience brings.

Sometimes the great *Apollo* sings,
And strikes his Golden sounding Strings,

3

Nor always plies his Bow.

Be brave, when boisterous Fate prevails;

And in her kindest prosperous Gales,

3

By furling your too-bloated Sails,

The prudent Pilot shew.



ODE XII.

By Mr. GLANVILL.

*Nolis longa fera Bella Numantiz, &c.**In the Fourth Miscellany, Page 203.*

I.

U Rge me no more to write of Martial Things,
 Of fighting Heroes, and of conquering Kings;
 Our brave Fore-fathers Glory to advance,
 Shew Subdu'd *Ireland*, and sing Vanquish'd *France*;
 Tell how *Spain's* Blood the *British* Ocean swell'd,
 With Shame invading, and with more repell'd.
 No, these high Themes of the Heroick Strain,
 Suit ill with my low feeble Vein:
 To equal Numbers I'd in vain aspire,
 How shou'd I make a Trumpet of a Lyre?
 Much less dare I, in an unhallow'd Strain,
 Great *Nassau's* Wars and Victories profane.
 You better may in lasting Prose rehearse
 Things which defy my humble Verse.
 'Tis a fond thing to think to reconcile
 Such glorious Actions with so mean a Style.

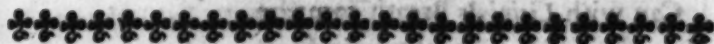
II.

Me fair *Lycinia's* softer Praise,
 Her native Charms, and winning Ways,
 The Muse ordain'd to sing in gentle Lays.
 Me the sweet Song with *Syrens* Art defies,
 Me the serenely shining Eyes,
 And, above all, the gen'rous grateful Heart,
 True to the mutual Love, and faithful to its Part.

Ly-

Lycinia, whose becoming Dance,
 With airy Motion does Love's Fire advance,
 Whose wanton Wit, wild as her Eyes,
 The tickled Mind does pleasantly surprize;
 Whose various Arts all our rich Powers alarm,
 A Grace each Action, and each Word a Charm.

Ah! when her willing Head she gently bends,
 And fragrant Kisses languishingly lends;
 When with fond artful Coyness she denies,
 More glad to lose, than we to win the Prize;
 Or when the Wanton, in a toying Vein,
 Snatches the Kiss from the preventing Swain;
 Wou'd you then give one Bracelet of her Hair
 For the poor Crowns that Monarchs wear?
 Wou'd you exchange for all those favourite Isles
 The Sun laughs on, one of her pleasing Smiles?
 Wou'd you for both the *Indies* Wealth decline
 The hidden Treasures of her richer Mine?
 Not I, for such vain Toys I'd ne'er remove,
 My Wealth, my Pomp, my Heaven shou'd all be Love.



O D E. XII.

To *Mecenas*.

I.

Dire *Hannibal*, the Roman Dread,
 Numantian Wars that rag'd so long;
 And Seas with *Punick* Slaughter red,
 Fit not the softer *Lyrick* Song.

D 4

II. Nor

II.

Nor Savage *Centaurs*, mad with Wine;
 Nor Earth's enormous Rebel Brood,
 That shook with Fear the Pow'r's divine,
 Till by *Alcides*' Arms subdu'd.

III.

Better, *Mecenas*, thou in Prose,
 Shalt *Cæsar*'s Glorious Battles tell,
 With what bold Heat the Victor glows,
 What captive Kings his Triumphs swell.

IV.

Thy Mistress all my Muse employs,
Licinia's Voice, her sprightly Turns,
 The Fire that sparkles in her Eyes,
 And in her faithful Bosom burns.

V.

When she adorns *Diana*'s Day,
 And all the beauteous Choirs advance,
 With sweetest Airs, divinely gay,
 She shines distinguish'd in the Dance.

VI.

Not all *Arabia*'s Spicy Fields
 Can with *Licinia*'s Breath compare,
 Nor *India*'s self a Treasure yields,
 To purchase one bright flowing Hair.

VII.

When she with bending Neck complies,
 To meet the Lover's eager Kiss,
 With gentle Cruelty denies,
 Or snatches first the fragrant Bliss.

O D E XIV.

*Imitated by Mr. CONGREVE.**Eheu Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.**In the Third Miscellany, Page 139.*

I.

AH! No, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis:
This Pious Artifice!
Not all these Pray'rs and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity*;
Eternity! That boundless Race,

Which *Time* himself can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an Unweary'd Pace)
Which, when Ten Thousand Thousand Years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun!

Fix'd are those Limits which prescribe
A short Extent to the most lasting Breath,
And though thou couldst for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to save thine own;
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary Gasp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted Store
Of Wealth, in vain thy Power,
Thy Honours, Titles, all must fail,
Where Piety it self does nought avail.

The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Just,
Must all be huddl'd to the Grave,
With the most vile and ignominious Slave,
And undistinguish'd lye in Dust.

In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
 In vain he is secure from Wounds of Arms,
 In vain avoids the faithless Seas,
 And is confin'd to Home and Ease,
 Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days,
 In vain are all those *Arts* we try,
 All our Evasions, and Regret to die :
 From the Contagion of Mortality,
 No Clime is pure, no Air is free:
 And no Retreat
 Is so obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! Thou must, my Friend;
 (The very Hour that thou dost spend
 In studying to avoid, brings on thine End)
 Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life,
 Leave the warm Bosom of thy tender Wife,
 And all the much lov'd Offspring of her Womb,
 To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost;

Thy House, whose stately Structure so much cost;
 Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking Carcass of its Lord.
 Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grots, and Bowers,
 Thy costly Fruit, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flowers;
 Nought shalt thou save
 Unless a Sprig of Rosemary thou have,
 To wither with thee in the Grave,
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
 Their Transitory Master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long expecting Heir,
 A joyful Mourning wear,

And

And riot in the Waste of that Estate,
 Which thou hast taken so much Pains to get; thou shalt
 All thy hid Stores he shall unfold;
 And set at large thy Captiv'd Gold.
 That precious Wine condemn'd by thee
 To Vaults and Prisons, shall again be free;
 Buried alive tho' now it lies,
 Again't shall rise,
 Again its sparkling Surface show,
 And free as Element, profusely flow,
 With such choice Food he shall set forth his Feasts,
 That Cardinals shall wish to be his Guests;
 And pamp'rd Prelates see
 Themselves out-done in *Luxury*.



O D E XIV.

In the Second Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 96.

II

AH! Friend, the passing Years how fast they fly!
 Nor can the strictest Piety
 Defer encroaching Age,
 Or Death's resistless Rage;
 If you each Day
 A Hecatomb of Bulls shou'd slay,
 The smoaking Host cou'd not subdue
 The Tyrant to be kind to you.
 From Geryon's Head he snatch'd the tripple Crown;
 Into th' Infernal Lake the Monarch tumb'd down.
 The Prince and Peasant of this World must be
 Thus waisted to Eternity.

IL lu

II.

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
 Or the rough Storms of the tempestuous Sea,
 In vain they take such care
 To shield their Bodies from Autumnal Air,
 Dismal *Cocytus* they must ferry o'er,
 Whose languid Stream moves dully by the Shore;
 And in their Passage we shall see
 Of Tortur'd Ghosts the various Misery.

III.

Thy stately House, thy pleasing Wife,
 And Children (Blessings dear as Life)
 Must all be left, nor shalt thou have
 Of all thy grafted Plants one Tree,
 Unless the dismal *Cypress* follow thee,
 The short-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave.
 But the imprison'd *Burgundy*
 Thy jolly Heir shall strait set free.
 Releas'd from Lock and Key, the sparkling Wine
 Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* shine.



O D E XV.

Imitated by Mr. CHETWOOD.

Jam pauci Aratro Jugera, &c.

Printed in the First Part of *Miscellany Poems*, Pag. 179.

I.

THEN this unwieldy factious Town
 To such prodigious Bulk is grown,

It on whole Countries stands, and now
Land will be wanting for the Plow.
 Those remnants too the Boors forsake,
Fish must the Nations undertake.
 As in a *Plague* the Fields shall *desart* lye,
 Whist all Men to the mighty *Pest-house* fly.

II.

If any Tree is to be seen,
 'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and Ever green;
 Lime-trees, and Plane, for Pleasure made,
 Which for their Fruit bear only *Shade*.
 Such as do Female Men content,
 — With *Useless* Shew and *Barren* Seent.
 The *British* Oak will shortly be as rare,
 As Orange-trees here once, or Cedars were.

III.

Not by these Arts, my Masters, sure,
 Your Fathers did those Lands procure;
 They prefer'd Use to empty Shew,
 No soft'ning *French* Refinements knew.
 Themselves, their House, their Table, plain;
 Noble, and richly clad their Train.
 Temp'rance did Health without Physicians keep,
 And *Labour* crown'd hard Beds with easie Sleep.

IV.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
 Th' *Exchequer* held their greatest Store:
 They did adorn their Native Place
 With Structures, which their Heirs deface,
 They in large Palaces did dwell,
 Which we to *Undertakers* sell.
 Stately *Cathedrals* they did found,
Whose Ruins now deform the Ground:

Churches

Churches and Colleges, endow'd with Lands,
Whose poor Remains fear Sacrilegious Hands.



ODE XVI.

By Mr. OTWAY.

Otium Dives rogat, &c.

Printed in the First Miscellany, Page 181.

IN Storms, when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the Boldest there,
Who does not wish for Quiet here.

For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights;
Bears weary Marches, Sleepless Nights;
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold.
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since Wealth and Power too weak we find:
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait:

Happy the Man with little blest!
Of what his Father left, possess:
No base Desires corrupt his Head,
No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

What then in Life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain Designs intend?
From Shore to Shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome Self can shun?

For baneful Care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under Sail;
 'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
 Out-run the *Roe*, out-fly the Wind.

If then thy Soul rejoice to day,
 Drive far to-Morrow's Cares away:
 In Laughter let them all be drown'd:
 No Perfect Good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,
 Another's ling'ring Death comes slow;
 And what of Life they take from thee,
 The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy Portion is a Wealthy Stock,
 A Fertile Glebe, a Fruitful Flock,
 Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
 Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
 Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse,
 Which soft Content does best adorn,
 Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

ODE XVI.

In the Fourth Miscellany, Pag. 209.

I.

WHEN stormy Winds begin to rise,
 And Moon and Stars do disappear;

Then

Then to the Gods the Seaman cries,
Wishing himself at Quiet here,

For Peace the Soldier takes up Arms,
For Peace he boldly ventures Life:

For that he follows War's Alarms,
Hoping to gain by Toil and Strife,

III.

That Quiet and Content of Mind,
Which is not to be bought or sold;
Quiet, which none as yet cou'd find
In Heaps of Jewels or of Gold.

IV.

For neither can Wealth, Pow'r, or State,
Of Courtiers, or of Guards the Rout,
Or gilded Roof, or brazen Gate,
The Troubles of the Mind keep out,

V.

That Man alone is happy here,
Whose *All* will just himself maintain;
His Sleep is not disturb'd with Fear,
Or broke with fardid Thirst of Gain.

VI.

Then why do we, since Life's so short,
Lay our Designs for what's to come?
Why to another Air resort,
Forfaking this our native Home?

VII.

Trouble will at our Heels be still,
Swift as the Roe-Buck, or the Wind;
'Twill follow us against our Will,
For none can leave himself behind.

VIII. What

VIII.

What does our Wand'ring then avail,
 Care will not be forgot or lost;
 'Twill reach us tho' we're under sail;
 And find us on another Coast.

IX.

Man, with his present State content,
 Shou'd leave to Providence the rest:
 Using the time well Heav'n has lent,
 For no one's here entirely blest.

X.

Achilles yielding soon to Fate:
 Was snatch'd from off his mortal Stage;
Typhon enjoy'd a longer Date,
 And labour'd under ling'ring Age.

XI.

So, if it please the Fates, you may
 Resign your Soul to sudden Death;
 Whilst I, perhaps, behind must stay,
 To breathe a longer share of Breath.

XII.

You round you daily do behold
 Your thriving Flocks, and fruitful Land;
 What bounteous Fortune has bestow'd
 On you, with no Penurious Hand.

XIII.

A little Country Seat by Heaven
 Is what's allotted unto me:
 A Genius too the Gods have given,
 Not quite averse to Poetry:
 And a firm steady Soul, that is above
 Either the Vulgar's Hatred, or their Love.

ODE XVI.

Imitated in Paraphrase by Mr. HUGHES.

In the Sixth Miscellany, Page 500.

Indulgent Quiet! Pow'r serene,
 Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
 O say, thou calm propitious Queen,
 Say in what solitary Grove,
 Within what Rock or Winding Cell,
 By human Eyes unseen,
 Like some retreated *Druid* dost thou dwell?
 And why, illusive Goddess! why,
 When we thy Mansion wou'd surround,
 Why dost thou lead us thro' enchanted Ground,
 To mock our vain Research, and from our Wishes fly?

The wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fear,
 For thee the Gods implore,
 When the tempestuous Sea runs high,
 And when, thro' all the dark benighted Sky,
 No friendly Moon or Stars appear
 To guide their Steerage to the Shore:
 For thee the weary Soldier prays,
 Furious in Fight the Sons of *Thrace*,
 And *Medes*, that wear Majestick by their Side
 A full charg'd Quiver's decent Pride,
 Gladly with thee would pass inglorious Days,
 Renounce the Warrior's tempting Praise,
 And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold,
 With Gems, and Purple Vests, and Stores of plunder'd Gold.

III. But

III.

But neither boundless Wealth, nor Guards that wait
Around the Consul's Honour'd Gate,
Nor Anti-Chambers with Attendants fill'd,

The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate,
Or banish sullen Cares, that fly

A-croſs the gilded Rooms of State,
And their foul Nests, like Swallows, build:
Close to the Palace Roofs and Tow'rs that pierce the Sky.
Much less will Nature's modest Wants supply,

And happier lives the homely Swain,
Who, in some Cottage, far from Noise,
His few Paternal Goods enjoys,

Nor knows the sordid Lust of Gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting Pain
His hovering Sleeps destroys.

IV.

Vain Man! That in a narrow Space;

At endless Game projects the daring Spear,
For short is Life's uncertain Race;

Then why, capricious Mortal! why,
Dost thou for Happiness repair
To Distant Climates, and a Foreign Air?

Fool, from thy self thou can'st not fly,
Thy self, the Source of all thy Care.

So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,
Bounds o'er the spacious Downs in vain;
The Feather'd Torment sticks within his Side,
And from the smarting Wound a purple Tide

Marks all his way with Blood and dyes the Grassy Plain.

V.

But swifter far is execrable Care

Than Stags, or Winds that thro' the Skies
Thick

Thick driving Snows, and gather'd Tempests bear;
 Pursuing Care the sailing Ship out-flies,
 Climbs the tall Vessel's painted Sides;
 Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
 But with the Marching Horsemen rides, [Places yield
 And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes all

VI.

Then since no State's completely blest,
 Let's learn the Bitter to allay
 With gentle Mirth, and wisely gay
 Enjoy at least the present Day,
 And leave to Fate the rest.
 Nor with vain Fear of Ills to come
 Anticipate th' appointed Doom.
 Soon did *Achilles* quit the Stage,
 That Hero fell by sudden Death,
 Whilst *Typhon* to a tedious wasting Age
 Drew his protracted Breath.
 And thus, old partial Time, my Friend,
 Perhaps unask'd, to worthless me
 Those Hours of lengthen'd Life may lend
 Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thee shining Wealth and plenteous Joys surround,
 And all thy fruitful Fields around
 Unnumber'd Herds of Cattle stray.
 Thy harness'd Steeds with sprightly Voice
 Make neighb'ring Vales and Hills rejoyce,
 Whilst smoothly thy gay Chariot flies o'er the swift
 To me the Stars, with less Profusion kind [measur'd way:
 An humble Fortune have assign'd,
 And no untuneful *Lyrick* Vein,
 But a sincere contented Mind
 That can the vile malignant Crowd disdain.



H O R A C E.

B O O K III. O D E I.

By Mr. COWLEY.

Odi Profanum Vultus, &c.

Printed in Mr. Cowley's Poems, in Octavo, Pag. 751.

I.



ENCE, ye Profane, I hate you all,
Both the Great Vulgar and the Small.
To Virgin Minds, which yet their native
[Whiteness hold,
Nor yet discolour'd with the Love of Gold,
(That Jaundice of the Soul,
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul)

To you, ye very few, these Truths I tell;
The Muse inspires my Song, hark, and observe it well.

II.

We look on Men, and wonder at such Odds,
'Twixt things that were the same by Birth;
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth;
These Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods.

The

The humblest Bush, and proudest Oak,
Are but of equal Proof against the Thunder stroke.
Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r,
Have their short flourishing Hour;

And to see themselves and smile,
And joy in their Pre-eminence a while;

Ev'n so, in the same Land,

Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs, together

[stand

Alas! Death mows down all with an Impartial
Hand.]

III.

And, all you Men, whom Greatness doth so please,
Ye feast, I fear, like *Damocles*,

If you your Eyes cou'd upwards move,

(But you (I fear) think nothing is above)

You wou'd perceive by what a little Thread

The Sword still hangs over your Head.

No Tide of Wine would drown your Cares;

No Mirth or Musick over-noise your Fears;

The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep;

As not to admit the Image of it, *Sleep*.

IV.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait on Palaces;

And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

The meanest Country Cottages;

This Poppy grows among the Corn.

The *Halcyon-Sleep* will never build his Nest

In any Stormy Breast:

'Tis not enough that he does find

Clouds and Darkness in their Mind;

Darkness but half his Work will do;

'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too:

V. The

V.

The Man who in all Wishes he does make,
 Does only Nature's Counsel take;
 That wise and happy Man will never fear
 The evil Aspects of the Year,
 Nor tremble though Two Comets shou'd appear:
 He does not look in Almanacks, to see
 Whether he fortunate shall be:
 Let Mars and Saturn in the Heavens conjoin,
 And what they please against the World design,
 So Jupiter within him shine.

VI.

If of your Pleasures and Desires no End be found,
 God to your Cares and Fears will set no bound.
 What wou'd content you? Who can tell?
 Ye fear so much to lose what you have got,
 As if you lik'd it well;
 Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
 Go level Hills, and fill up Seas,
 Spare nought that may your wanton Farcy please.
 But, trust me, when you've done all this,
 Much will be missing still, and much will beamiss.

O D E II.

Translated by Mr. J. B.

Never Printed before.

Friends let the hardy Youth be train'd in War;
 And learn the Gripes of Poverty to bear;
 Let him well skill'd, the Horse and Spear command,
 So shall the barb'rous Parthians dread his Hand:

Let

Let him, unshelter'd, lye on naked Ground,
 And bravely Push where threat'ning Danger's found;
 From hostile Walls in heat of Battle seen
 By the ripe Virgin, and the Tyrant's Queen;
 Thus in despairing Sighs they will bewail;
 Grant, Preservation may o'er Rage prevail.
 And that the Royal Spouse in Wars unskill'd,
 May not provoke that Lyon of the Field,
 Whose bloody Ardour so transcendent grows,
 He cuts his way thro' Crowds of slaughter'd Foes:
 Sweet, and most glorious are those Pangs of Death,
 When for our Country we resign our Breath;
 With swiftest speed Fate follows him that flies,
 And by base Wounds behind the Coward dies.
 True Sons of Virtue mean Repulse disdain,
 Nor does their shining Honour find one Stain;
 Their glorious Minds are so securely great,
 They neither swell, nor sink at turns of State.
 Virtue, to those who ne'er deserve to Die,
 Disclosing Scenes of Immortality,
 Scorns vulgar Crowds, and spurns this humid Clay,
 And on swift Wing takes to the Skies her way.
 A sure Reward attends the faithful Mind
 In whose recluses Secrets are confin'd.
 That treach'rous Man, whose scoffing Tongue betrays
 Cere's mysterious Rights, and sacred ways,
 With Hatred, his loath'd Presence I'd refrain,
 Nor should one House or Ship his two contain.
 The Righteous often feel the Stroke of Heav'n,
 And share the Fate that to the Wicked's giv'n;
 Tho' Vengeance limps she still will keep in sight,
 And seldom fails t' o'ertake the Villain's flight.

O D E III.

Imitated,

By WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq;*

JUSTUM & tenacem propositi Virum, &c.

Printed for J. Tonson in Folio.

THE Man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind;
No Passions his Designs controul,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can shake his steady Mind.

II.

Nor Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor Threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets despair:
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

III.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes:
Of this their Poets sing.
These were the Paths their Heroes trod,
These Acts made *Hercules* a God;
And Great *Nassau* a King.

IV.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,

E

With

With black'ning Storms combin'd :
 Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way ;
 The Wind may for a while delay,
 Not alter our Design.

V.

The Men whom Selfish Hopes inflame,
 Or Vanity allures to Fame,
 May be to Fears betray'd :
 But here a Church for Succour flies,
 Insulted Law expiring lies,
 And loudly calls for Aid.

VI.

Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent Zeal,
 I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
 The wounded Hand to band :
 See Tools of Arbitrary Sway,
 And Priests, like Locusts, scout away
 Before the Western Wind.

VII.

Law shall again her Force resume,
 Religion clear'd from Clouds of Rome,
 With brighter Rays advance.
 The British Fleet shall rule the Deep,
 The British Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
 Strike Terror into France.

VIII.

Nor shall these Promises of Fate
 Be limited to my short Date :
 When I from Cares withdraw,
 Still shall the British Sceptre stand,
 Still flourish in a Female Hand,
 And to Mankind give Law.

IX.

She shall Domestick Foes unite,
 Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight,

Whole

*Whole Armies drag her Chain:
She shall lost Italy restore,
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
And give a King to Spain.*

X.

*But know, these Promises are given,
These great Rewards Imperial Heaven
Does on these Terms decree;
That strictly punishing Mens Faults,
You let their Consciences and Thoughts
Rest absolutely free.*

XI.

*Let no false Politicks confine,
In narrow Bounds, your vast Design
To make Mankind unite;
Nor think it a sufficient Cause
To punish Men by Penal Laws,
For not believing right.*

XII.

*Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind;
Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find,
Who ne'er Compassion knew.
By nobler Actions theirs condemn:
For what has been reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in you.*

XIII.

*These Subjects Suit not with the Lyre;
Muse! To what Height dost thou aspire?
Pretending to rehearse
The Thoughts of God, and Godlike Kings.
Cease, cease to lessen lofty Things
By mean ignoble Verse.*

ODE III.

In the Sixth Miscellany, Page 262.

THE Man resolv'd, and steady to his Trust,
 Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately just,
 May the rude Rabble's Insolence despise,
 Their senseless Clamours, and tumultuous Cries;
 The Tyrant's Fierceness he beguiles,
 And the stern Brow, and the harsh Voice defies,
 And with superior Greatness smiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
 The stubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
 Not the red Arm of angry *Jove*,
 That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
 And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
 In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
 He, unconcern'd, wou'd hear the mighty Crack,
 And stand secure amidst a Falling World.

Such were the Godlike Arts that led
 Bright *Pollux* to the Blest Abodes;
 Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
 And gain'd a Place among the Gods:
 Where now *Augustus*, mix'd with Heroes, lies,
 And to his Lips the Nectar Bowl applies:
 His ruby Lips the Purple Tincture show,
 And with immortal Stains divinely glow.

By

By Arts like these did young *Lyans* rise,
His Tygers drew him to the Skies,
Wild from the Desert, and unbroke;
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their Eyes with Fury glar'd,
He tam'd 'em to the Lash, and bent 'em to the Yoke,

Such were the Paths that *Rome's* great Founder trod,
When in a Whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull Mortality,
And lost the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful Silence broke,
And thus th' assembled Deities bespoke.

Troy, says the Goddess, *perjur'd Troy* has felt
The dire Effects of her proud Tyrant's Guilt;
The tow'ring Pile and soft Abodes,
Wall'd by the Hands of Servile Gods,
Now spreads its Ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the Ground.
An Umpire partial and unjust,
And a lewd Woman's impious Lust,
Lay heavy on her Head, and sunk her to the Dust.

}

Since false *Laomedon's* Tyrannick Sway,
That durst defraud the Immortals of their Pay,
Her Guardian Gods renounc'd their Patronage;
Nor wou'd the fierce invading Foe repell:
To my Resentments, and *Minerva's* Rage,
The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long protracted Wars are o'er,
The soft Adulterer shines no more;

No more does Hector's Force the Trojans shield;
That drove whole Armies back, and singly clear'd the Field;

My Vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his Off-spring of the Trojan Line:
Advanc'd to God-head let him rise,
And take his Station in the Skies;
There entertain his ravish'd Sights
With Scenes of Glory, Fields of Lights;
Quaff with the Gods immortal Wine,
And see adoring Nations crowd his Shrines.

The Thin remains of Troy's afflicted Host,
In distant Realms may Seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a Foreign Coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd:
Remov'd by Seas, from the disastrous Shore,
May endless Billows rise between, and Storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curst detested Place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless Race,
Be cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass. }
There let the wanton Flocks unguarded stray;
Or whilst the lonely Shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty Ruins play,
And frisk upon the Tombs of Kings.

May Tyrants there, and all the Savage Kind,
Sad solitary Haunts and silent Deserts find,
In gloomy Vaults, and Nooks of Palaces,
May th' unmolested Lyons

Her brindled Whelps securely lay,
Or couch'd, in dreadful Slumbers waste the Day.

While

While TROY in Heaps of Ruins lyes,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious Exiles unconfin'd,
Shall triumph far and near, and rule Mankind.

In vain the Sea's intruding Tide
Europe from Africk shall divide;
And part the sever'd World in Two.
Thro' Africk's Sands their Triumphs they shall spread,
And the long Train of Victories pursue,
To Nile's yet undiscover'd Head.

Riches the hardy Soldier shall despise,
And look on Gold with undesiring Eyes;
Nor the disbowell'd Earth explore,
In search of the forbidden Ore;
Those glittering Ills conceal'd within the Mine,
Shall lye untouch'd, and innocently shine.

To the last Bounds that Nature sets,
The piercing Colds and sultry Heats,
The Godlike Race shall spread their Arms;
Now fill the Polar Circle with Alarms,
'Till Storms and Tempests their Pursuits confine;
Now sweat for Conquest underneath the Line.

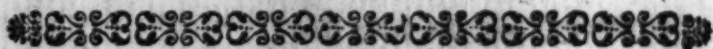
This only Law the Victor shall restrain,
On these Conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty Hand employ
To build again a Second Troy;
If none the rash Design pursue,
Nor tempt the Vengeance of the Gods anew.

A Curse there cleaves to the devoted Place,
That shall the New Foundations raze:

*Greece shall in mutual Leagues conspire
To storm the rising Town with Fire;
And at their Army's Head my self will shew
What Juno, urg'd to all her Rage, can do.*

*Thrice shou'd Apollo's self the City raise,
And line it round with Walls of Brass,
Thrice shou'd my Fav'rite Greek his Works confound,
And hew the shining Fabrick to the Ground:
Thrice shou'd her Captive Dames to Greece return,
And their dead Sons, and slaughter'd Husbands mourn.*

*But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring Flight,
Nor bring the Secrets of the Gods to Light;
In vain wou'd thy presumptuous Verse
Th' Immortal Rhetorick rehearse;
The mighty Strains, in Lyrick Numbers bound,
Forget their Majesty, and lose their Sound.*



O D E III.

AN honest Mind, to Virtue's Precepts true,
Contemns the Fury of a lawless Crew;
Firm as a Rock, he to his Purpose stands,
And thinks a Tyrant's Frowns as weak as his Commands:
Him loudest Storms can't from his Center move,
He braves th'Almighty Thunder ev'n of Jove;
If all the Heav'nly Orbs confus'dly hurl'd,
Should dash in Pieces, and should crush the World,
Undaunted, he the mighty Crush would bear,
Nor in his Breast admit a Thought of Fear.

Pollux

Pellux, and wand'ring *Hercules* of old,
 Were, by such Acts, among the Gods enroll'd.
Augustus thus the shining Pow'rs possess'd,
 By all th' immortal Deities carels'd:
 He shares with them in their Ætherial Feasts,
 And quaffs bright *Nectar* with the Heavenly Guests.
 This was the Path the frisking Tygers trod,
 Dragging the Car that bore the Jolly God,
 Who fix'd in Heaven his Crown and his Abode.
Romulus by *Mars* through this blest Path was shewn,
 And 'scap'd the Woes of gloomy *Acheron*.
 In Virtue's rugged Road he took his Way,
 And gair'd the Mansions of Eternal Day;
 For him ev'n *Juno*'s self pronounc'd a Word,
 Grateful to all th' Ætherial Council-Board.

O Ilion, Ilion, I with Transport view
 The Fall of all thy wicked perjur'd Crew!
 Pallas and I have born a rankling Grudge
 To that curst Shepherd, that incestuous Judge:
 Nay, even Laomedon his Gods betray'd,
 And basely broke the solemn Oath he made.
 But now the painted Strumpet and her Guest
 No more are in their Pomp and Jewels drest;
 No more is Hector licens'd to destroy,
 To slay the Greeks, and save his perjur'd Troy.
 Priam is now become an empty Ghost;
 Doom'd, with his House, to tread the Burning Coast:
 The God of Battel now has ceas'd to roar;
 And I, the Queen of Heav'n, pursue my Hate no more.
 I now the Trojan Priestess' Son will give
 Back to his warlike Sire; and let him live

In lucid Bow'rs, and give him leave to use
 Ambrosia, and the Nectar's Heavenly Juice;
 To be inroll'd in these serene Abodes,
 And wear the easie Order of the Gods:
 In this blest State I grant him to remain,
 While Troy from Rome's divided by the Main;
 Whilst savage Beasts insult the Trojan Tombs,
 And in their Caves un'ade their pregnant Wombs.
 Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in ev'ry Land,
 And let the Capitol triumphant stand,
 And all the tributary World command.
 Let awful Rome with Sev'n refulgent Heads,
 Still keep her Conquests o'er the vanquish'd Medes.
 With conqu'ring Terror let her Arms extend
 Her mighty Name to Shores without an End;
 Where midland Seas divide the fruitful Soil,
 From Europe to the swelling Waves of Nile:
 Let 'em be greater by despising Gold,
 Than digging it from forth its Native Mould,
 To be the wicked Instrument of Ill,
 Let Sword and Ruin ev'ry Country fill,
 That strives to stop the Progress of her Arms,
 Not only those that sultry Sirius warms,
 But where the Fields in endless Winter lye,
 Whose Frosts and Snows the Sun's bright Rays defy,
 But yet on this Condition I decree
 The warlike Roman's happy Destiny;
 That when they Universal Rule enjoy,
 They not presume to raise their Ancient Troy:
 For then all Ugly Omens shall return,
 And Troy be built but once again to burn;
 Ev'n I my self a second War will move,
 Ev'n I, the Sister, and the Wife of Jove.

*If Phoebus' Harp should thrice erect a Wall,
And all of Brass, yet thrice that Work should fall;
Sack'd by my fav'rite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan Wives should drag a Captive Chain,
And mourn their Children, and their Husbands slain.*

}

But whither wouldst thou, soaring Muse aspire,
To tell the Counsels of the Heav'nly Choir?
Alas! Thou canst not strain thy weakly Strings,
To sing in humble Notes such mighty Things,
No more the Secrets of the Gods relate,
Thy Tongue's too feeble for a Task so great.



ODE VI.

By my Lord ROSCOMMON.

Printed in the First Part of Miscellaneous Poems, Page 108.

THose Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The Falling Temples, which the Gods provoke,
And Statues sully'd yet with sacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble grateful Piety
(As it rewarded their Respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your Neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their Command, at their Command they end.

Let

Let *Crassus*' Ghost and *Labiennus* tell,
How twice by *Jove*'s Revenge our Legions fell,
And with insulting Pride,
Shining in *Roman* Spoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Egyptian* Scum
Had almost ruin'd *Rome*;
While our Seditious took their Part,
Fill'd each *Egyptian* Sail, and wing'd each *Scythian* Dart.
First, Those flagitious Times
(Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
Conspire to violate the Nuptial Bed;
From which polluted Head
Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
And thro' the spurious Breed and guilty Nation ran,

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,
Bound 'Prentice to the Wanton Trade;
Ionian Artists, at a Mighty Price,
Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice;
What Nets to spread, where subtle Baits to lay;
And with an Early Hand they form the temper'd Clay.

Marry'd, their Lessons she improves,
By Practice of Adult'rous Loves,
And scorns the common mean Design
To take Advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or snatch in some dark Place
A hasty Illegitimate Embrace.

No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when Lovers call:

Hither

Hither a Merchant from the *Streights*,
Grown wealthy by forbidden Fraights,
Or City *Canibal* repairs,
Who feeds upon the Flesh of Heirs: }

Convenient Brutes! Whose tributary Flame
Pays the full Price of Lust, and gilds the slighted Shames
'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with *Punic* Blood the conquer'd Seas, }
And quash'd the stern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel.
Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield, [Field.
And won the long disputed World at *Zama's* fatal

But Soldiers of a Rustick Mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did sound;
And after the Declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

Time sensibly all things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours, Next Age will see
A Race more profligate than we
(With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough to be.

ODE VII.

Imitated by Mr. STEPNEY.

I.

DEar Molly, why so oft in Tears?
 Why all these Jealousies and Fears,
 For thy bold Son of Thunder?
 Have Patience till we've conquer'd France,
 Thy Closet shall be stor'd with Nants;
 Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy Yoke-mate lies,
 Where all the live-long Night he sighs—
 For thee in lowly Cabbin:
 And tho' the Captain's *Gloze* cries,
 'Tis I, dear Bully, prithee rise——
 He will not let the Drab in.

III.

But she, the Cunning't Jade alive,
 Says, 'Tis the ready way to thrive,
 By sharing Female Bounties:
 And, if he'll be but kind one Night,
 She Vows, He shall be dubb'd a Knight,
 When she is made a Countess.

IV.

Then tells of smooth young Pages whipp'd,
 Cashier'd, and of their Liv'ries stripp'd,
 Who late to Peers belonging;

BOOK III. HORACE.

59

Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With Links, because they would not drudge
To save their Ladies Longing.

V.

But *Vol* the Eunuch cannot be
A Colder Cavalier than he,
In all such Love-Adventures :
Then pray do you, dear *Milly*, take
Some *Christian* Care, and do not break
Your Conjugal Indentures.

VI.

Bellair ! Who does not *Bellair* know ?
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,
Gives out, He loves you dearly :
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,
And soft Impertinence and Noise,
Full oft has beat a Parley.

VII.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Blade
Shall come with am'rous Serenade,
Soon from the Window rate him :
But if Reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the *Jordan* at him.



ODE IX.

By my Lord RATCLIFF.

In the Third Miscellany, First Edition.

H E.

WHILE I was Monarch of your Heart,
 Crown'd with a Love where none had part,
 Each Mortal did with Envy die;
 No God but wish'd that he were I.

S H E.

While you ador'd no Charms but mine,
 And vow'd that they did all out-shine;
 More celebrated was my Name
 Than that of the bright Grecian Dame.

H E.

Chloe's the Saint that I implore,
 Chloe's the Goddess I adore,
 For whom to dye the Gods I pray'd,
 If Fates wou'd spare the charming Maid.

S H E.

Amyntas is my Lover's Name,
 For whom I burn with mutual Flame;
 For whom I twice wou'd die with Joy,
 If Fates wou'd spare the charming Boy.

H E.

If I once more shou'd wear your Chain,
 And take my Lydia back again;
 If banish Chloe from my Breast,
 That you might there for ever rest.

S H E

S H E.

Tho' he is charming as a God,
 Serene and gay, divinely good,
 You rough as Billows raging high,
 With you I'd chuse to live and die.

O D E IX.

Never Printed before.

A Dialogue between HORACE and LYDIA.

H O R A C E.

Whilst I was welcome, and no dearer Lover
 His Arms about so white a Neck did fling,
 I flourish'd, look'd as high as any other,
 Was happy, blest above the Persian King.

L Y D I A.

Whilst with another you fell not in Love,
 And yet I yielded not to Chloe's Fame;
 I flourish'd highly, was renown'd above
 The Foundress of the Mighty Roman Name.

H O R A C E.

Now Chloe rules, Chloe, the charming Fair!
 Who Sings, and Plays so finely, must controul;
 O! I cou'd Dye, so that the Fates wou'd spare
 Chloe, the dear Remainder of my Soul.

L Y D I A.

For Calais I burn, he's Young, and Fair,
 With mutual Flames he to my Arms does fly;
 So that the Fates the handsome Youth wou'd spare
 O! I cou'd twice bow down the Head, and Dye.

H O R A C E.

H O R A C E.

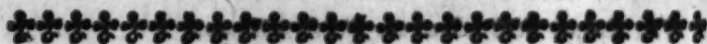
*But, what if Love returning now shou'd lay
 A stronger Yoke, restraining each wild Rover?
 If fairest Chloe should be put away.
 And slighted Lydia come to her old Lover?*

L Y D I A.

*Tho' he is fairer than the Morning Star.
 Thou Light as Cork more Passionate than the Sea,
 Than Adria's Billows, which so furious are,
 Yet wou'd I chuse to Live and Dye with thee.*

C H O R U S.

*We'll Live, and Love, and Change no more;
 We'll Study all endearing Lover's Charms;
 We'll do, what none has done before,
 We'll Dye together in each other's Arms.*



O D E IX.

Englified by another Hand,

Printed in the First Miscellany, Page 114.

H O R A C E.

While I remain'd the Darling of your Heart,
 And no encroaching Lover claim'd a Part;
 Unrival'd while my longing Arms I cast
 About your lovely Neck and slender Waste,
 And you to every one but me were chaste,
 I scorn'd the lofty Persian Monarch's State,
 And thought my self more happy, and as great.

LYDIA.

L Y D I A.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer She
Had stol'n your wand'ring Heart away from me;
While *Chloe* seem'd not *Lydia* to out-shine,
Nor gain'd a Conquest that before was mine;
Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her sweet Embraces sought.

H O R A C E.

Now *Thracian Chloe* has supply'd your Place,
She charms me with her Musick and her Face;
To save her Life I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my Heart.

L Y D I A.

Fair *Calais* now, the sweet *Messenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my dying he might longer live,
I'd give Two Lives, if I had Two to give.

H O R A C E.

What if kind *Venus* should our Hearts unite;
And force us to adore that Love we slight.
If *Chloe* with her Golden Locks should yield,
And banish'd *Lydia* should regain the Field?

L Y D I A.

If so, tho' you are cruel and unkind,
Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind;
Tho' he so kind, so charming, and so true:
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye with you.



O D E IX.

*Englisht by Mr. DUKE.**Printed in the First Miscellany, Page 112.*

H O R A C E.

W Hilst I was welcome to your Heart,
 In which no happier Youth had part,
 And full of more prevailing Charms,
 Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms;
 I flourish'd richer, and more blest
 Than the great Monarch of the East.

L Y D I A.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
 Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield;
Lydia the celebrated Name,
 The only Theme of Verse and Fame,
 I flourish'd, more than she renown'd,
 Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

H O R A C E.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse,
 And ev'ry Grace adorn, subdues;
 For whom I'd gladly dye to save
 Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

L Y D I A.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire -
 With mutual Flames of fierce Desire;
 For whom I twice wou'd dye, to save
 His Youth more precious from the Grave.

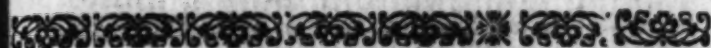
H O R A C E.

What if our former Loves return,
 And our first Fires again shou'd burn?

If *Chloe's* banish'd, to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia*?

LYDIA.

Tho' he is shining as a Star,
Constant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea;
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.



O D E XVI.

Paraphras'd by Mr. COWLEY.

Inclusam Danaem Turris Ahenea.

Printed in Mr. Cowley's Poems in Octavo, Page 759.

I.

A Tower of Brass, one would have said,
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent Maiden-head.
The jealous Father thought he well might spare
All further jealous Care.
And, as he walk'd, t'himself alone he smil'd,
To think how *Venus' Arts* he had beguil'd;
And when he slept, his Rest was deep:
But *Venus* laugh'd, to see and hear him sleep:
She taught the am'rous *Jove*
A magical Receipt in Love,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more.
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almightyship before.

II.

She taught him Love's Elixir, by which Art
His Godhead into Gold he did convert;

No

No Guards did then his Passage stay,
 He pass'd with Ease, Gold was the Word;
 Subtle as Light'ning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
 Gold thro' Doors and Walls did pierce;
 And as that works sometimes upon the Sword,
 Melted the Maidenhead away,
 Ev'n in the secret Scabbard where it lay.
 The prudent *Macedonian* King,
 To blow up Towns a Golden Mine did spring;
 He broke thro' Gates with this Petarr,
 'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War,
 And Fleets and Armies follow it afar;
 The Ensign 'tis at Land; and 'tis the Seaman's Star.

III.

Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,
 Creature to this disguised Deity;
 Yet it shall never conquer me:
 A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,
 And Wisdom is a Tow'r of stronger Brass,
 The Muses Laurel round my Temples spread
 Does from this Light'ning's Force secure my Head;
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent Meteor's way to lye.
 Wealth for its Power do we honour and adore?
 The Things we hate, *Ill Fate* and *Death*, have more.

IV.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,
 The vast *Xerxean Army*, I retreat;
 And to the small *Laconick* Forces fly,
 Which hold the Streights of Poverty,
 Cellars and Granaries in vain we fill
 With all the bounteous Summer's Store;

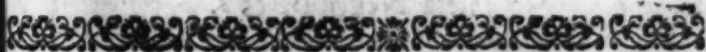
If the Mind thirst and hunger still,
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
Slave to the Things we too much prize,
We Masters grow of all that we despise.

V.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain, and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.
The Monarch on whom fertile Nile bestows
All that which grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose

That more than this falls to his share.
Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a Rent paid to the Lord :
But is a Tax illegal and unjust,
Exact'd from it by the Tyrant Lust.

Much will always nothing be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he,
To whom the wise Indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing Hand, but just enough has given.



*Part of the 29th Ode, beginning at Prudens Futuri
Temporis Exitum, &c. paraphras'd.*

By Dr. P O P E.

In the Second Miscellany, Page 233.

THE wary Gods lock up in Cells of Night
Future Events, and laugh at Morals here,
If they to pry into 'em take Delight,
If they too much presume, or too much fear.

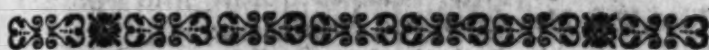
O Man! For thy short Time below,
 Enjoy thy self, and what the Gods bestow:
 Unequal Fortunes here below are shar'd,
 Life to a River's Course may justly be compar'd:
 Sometimes within its Bed,
 Without an angry Curl or Wave,
 From the Spring-head
 It gently glides to the Ocean, its Grave:
 Then unawares, upon a sudden Rain,
 It madly overflows the neighbouring Plain;
 It plows up beauteous Ranks
 Of Trees, that shaded and adorn'd its Banks:
 Overturns Houses, Bridges, Rocks,
 Drowns Shepherds and their Flocks;
 Horror and Death rage all the Valley o'er,
 The Forests tremble, and the Mountains roar.

Part of the 29th Ode beginning at Fortuna Sævo
 læta Negotio, &c.

By the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Fortune, made up of Toys and Impudence,
 That common Jade, that has not common Sense;
 But fond of Bus'ness, insolently dares
 Pretend to rule, and spoils the World's Affairs:
 She, flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws
 On the next Met, not minding what she does,
 Ner why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.
 Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,
 And seldom truly loves, but Fools or Knaves.

Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her;
 Whilst she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;
 But if she offers once to move her Wings,
 I'll fling her back all her vain gew-gaw Things;
 And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand,
 Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command:
 I'll marry Honestly, tho' ne'er so poor,
 Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.



O D E XXIX.

Parapras'd in Pindarique Verse, by Mr. DRYDEN.

*Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable LAWRENCE, Earl of
 ROCHESTER.*

In the Second Part of Miscellany Poems, Pag. 79.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient Line,

That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,
 Make haste to meet the generous Wine,
 Whose Piercing is for thee delay'd;
 The rosy Wreath is ready made;
 And Artful Hands prepare
 The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that shall perfume thy Hair.

II.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,
 And the well-natur'd Friend cries, *Come away;*
 Make haste and leave thy Business and thy Care,
 No mortal Interest can be worth thy Stay.

F

Leave

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget

The nauseous Pleasures of the Great:

Make haste and come:

Come and forsake thy cloying Store;

Thy Turret that surveys, from high,

The Smoke, and Wealth, and Noise of Rome;

And all the busie Pageantry

That Wise Men scorn, and Fools adore:

Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the Pleasures of the

[Poor.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich to try

A short Vicissitude, a Fit of Poverty:

A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,

Where all is plain, where all is neat;

Without the Stately Spacious Room,

The Persian Carpet, or the Trojan Loom,

Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;

The Syrian Star

Barks from afar;

And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky;

The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.

The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock

Beneath the Covert of a Rock;

And seeks refreshing Riv'lets nigh:

The Sylvans to their Shades retire,

These very Shades and Streams New Shades and

[Streams require;

And want a cooling Breeze of Wind to fan the raging

[Fire.

VI. Thou

BOOK III. HORACE. III

VI.
Thou what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the Gallick Arms will do,
And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:

But God has wisely hid from humane Sight
The dark Decrees of future Fate;
And sown their Seeds in Depth of Night;
He laughs at all the giddy Turns of State,
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.
Enjoy the present Smiling Hour;
And put it out of Fortune's Power:
The Tide of Bus'ness, like the running Stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow,
And always in extrem.

Now with a Noiseless, Gentle Course,
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous Force,
And Trunks of Trees come rolling down:

Sheep and their Folds together drown:
Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
And Woods made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Ho-
VIII. [nours mourn.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to Day his own;
He who secure within can say,
To Morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to Day;

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 The Joys I have possess'd in spite of Fate are mine.
 Not Heaven is self upon the Pass has Pow'r,
 But what has been has been, and I have had my Hour.

X.

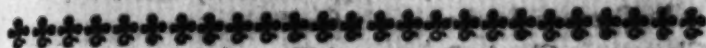
Fortune, that with malicious Joy,
 Does Man, her Slave, oppresses,
 Proud of her Office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
 Still various, and unconstant still,
 But with an Inclination to be ill;
 Promoter, degrades, delights in Strife,
 And makes a Lottery of Life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the Wind,
 And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the Prostitute away:
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd.
 Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm:
 And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;
 If the Mast split, and threaten Wreck;
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear,
 For his ill-gotten Gain;
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,
 While the debating Winds and Billows bear
 His Wealth into the Main.
 For me, secure from Fortune's Blows
 (Secure of what I cannot lose)

In

In my small Pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blust'ring Roar;
 And running with a merry Gale,
 With friendly Stars my Safety seek
 Within some little winding Creek,
 And see the Storm ashore.



O D E. XXIX.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

M*æneas*, Off-spring of *Tyrrhenian* Kings,
 And worthy of the greatest Empire's Sway,
 Unbind the working Mind a while, and play
 With softer Thoughts, and looser Strings;
 Hard Iron ever wearing, will decay.

II.

A Piece untouch'd, of old and noble Wine,
 Attends thee here; soft Essence for thy Hair,
 Of Purple Violets made, or Lillies fair,
 The Roses hang their Heads and pine,
 And 'till you come, in vain perfume the Air.

III.

Be not inveigled by the gloomy Shades
 Of *Tyber*, nor cool *Amiens* Chrystal Streams,
 The Sun is yet but young, his gentle Beams
 Revive, and scorch not up the Blades.
 The Spring, like Virtue, dwells between Extremes.

IV.

Leave fulsom Plenty for a while, and come
 From stately Palaces, that tow'r so high,

And spread so far; the Dust and Business fly,
 The Smoke and Noise of mighty Rome;
 And Cares, that on embroider'd Carpets lye.

It is Vicissitude that Pleasure yields
 To Men, with greatest Wealth and Honour blest,
 And sometimes homely Fare, but cleanly drest,
 In Country Farms, or pleasant Fields,
 Clears up a Cloudy Brow, and Thoughtful Breast.

Now the cold Winds have blown themselves away;
 The Frosts are melted into pearly Dews;
 The chirping Birds each Morn'g tell the News
 Of cheerful Spring, and welcome Day,
 The tender Lambs follow the bleating Ewes.

The vernal Bloom adorns the fruitful Trees
 With various Dress; the soft and gentle Rains
 Begin with Flow'rs t'enamel all the Plains.

The Turtle with her Mate agrees;
 And wanton Nymphs with their enamour'd Swains.

Thou art contriving in thy Mind, what State
 And Form becomes that mighty City best;
 Thy busie Head can take no gentle Rest,
 For thinking on th'Events and Fate
 Of factious Rage, which has her long oppress'd.

Thy Cares extend to the Remotest Shores
 Of her vast Empire, how the Persian Arms;
 Whether to Bactrians join their Troops; what Harms
 From the Cantabrians, and the Moors,
 May come, or the tumultuous German Swarms.

X. But

X.

But the wise Pow'rs above, that all things know,
In sable Night have hid the Events and Train
Of future things; and with a just Disdain,
Laugh, when poor Mortals here below,
Fear without Cause, and break their Sleeps in vain.

XI.

Think how the present thou may'st best compose,
With Equal Mind, and without endless Cares.
For the unequal Course of State Affairs
Like to the Ocean ebbs and flows,
Or rather like our neighbouring Tyber fares.

XII.

Now smooth and gentle thro' her Channel creeps,
With soft and calm Murmurs purling down;
Now swells and rages, threatening all to drown,
Away both Corn and Cattel sweeps,
And fills with Noise and Horror Fields and Town.

XIII.

After a while grown calm, retreats again
Into her shady Beds, and softly glides;
So Jove sometimes in fiery Chariot rides,
With Cracks of Thunder, Storms of Rain,
Then grows serene, and all our Fears derides.

XIV.

He only lives content, and his own Man,
Or rather Master, who each Night can say,
'Tis well, thanks to the Gods, I've liv'd to day.

This is my own, this never can,
Like other Goods, be forc'd or stol'n away.

XV.

And for to Morrow, let me weep or laugh,
Let the Sun shine, or Storms or Tempests ring,

*'Tis not in the Pow'r of Fates a Thing
Should ne'er have been, or not be safe,
Which flying Time has cover'd with her Wing.*

XVI.

*Capricious Fortune plays a scornful Game
With human Things, uncertain as the Wind:
Sometimes to thee, sometimes to me is kind:
Throws about Honours, Wealth, and Fame,
At random, heedless, humourous, and blind.*

XVII.

*He's wise, who, when she smiles, the Good enjoys,
And unallay'd with Fears of Future Ill;
But if she frowns, e'en let her have her Will:
I can with ease resign the Toys,
And lye wrapt up in my own Virtue still.*

XVIII.

*I'll make my court to honest Poverty,
An easy Wife, altho' without a Dow'r;
What Nature asks will yet be in my Pow'r;
For, without Pride, or Luxury,
How little serves to pass the fleeting Hour?*

XIX.

*'Tis not for me, when Winds and Billows rise,
And crack the Mast, and mock the Seamen's Care,
To fall to poor and mercenary Pray'rs;
For fear the Tyrian Merchandise
Should all be lost, and not enrich my Heirs.*

XX.

*I'll rather leap into the little Boar,
Which without flutt'ring Sails shall waft me o'er
The swelling Waves; and then I'll think no more
Of Ship, or Fraught; but change my Note,
And thank the Gods that I am safe ashore.*

H O R A C E.



H O R A C E.

BOOK IV. ODE II.

The Praise of Pindar.

By Mr. C O W L E Y.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

I.



PINDAR is imitable by none :

The Phoenix Pindar is a vast Species alone,
Whoe'er but Dædalus with waxen Wings could
fly,

And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?

What could he who follow'd claim,

But of vain Boldness the unhappy Fame,

And by his Fall a Sea to name?

Pindar's unnavigable Song,

Like a swollen Flood from some steep Mountains pours along,

The Ocean meets with such a Voice

From his enlarged Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's Noise,

II.

*So Pindar does new Words and Figures roll
Down his impetuous Dithyrambique Tide,
Which in no Channel deigns to abide,
Which neither Banks nor Dikes control,
Whether th' Immortal Gods he sings.*

*In a no less Immortal Strain,
Or the great Acts of God descended Kings,
Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.*

*Each rich embroidered Line,
Which their triumphant Brows around
By his sacred Hand is bound.
Does all their starry Diadems out-shine.*

III.

*Whether at Pisa's Race he please
To carve in polish'd Verse the Conquerors Images,
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous Song:
Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate
In Words worth dying for he celebrate,
Such mournful, and such pleasing Words,
As Joy to his Mother's and his Mistress Grief affords;
He bids him Live and Grow in Fame,
Among the Stars he sticks his Name:
The Grave can but the Dross of him devour,
So small is Death, so great the Poet's Power.*

IV.

*Lo, how th' obsequious Wind, and swelling Air
The Theban Swan does upwards bear
Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,
And with extended Wings opens his liquid way,
Whilst, alas, my timorous Muse
Unambitious Tracks pursues.*

Does with weak unballast Wings,

About the mossie Brooks and Springs;

About the Trees firm-blossom'd Heads;

About the Gardens painted Beds;

About the Fields and flowry Meads;

And all inferior-beauteous Things

Like the laborious Bee,

For little Drops of Honey fly,

And there with humble Sweets contents her Industry.

ODE V.

Imitated.

Humbly Address'd to his Grace the Duke of
MARLBOROUGH.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romule

Custos Gentis; &c.

O Born, when Heav'n's propitious deign'd to smile!

Thou best and bravest Champion of our Isle!

Too long hast thou been absent from our Sight,

Too long unhappy Britain mourns

Thy slow Return,

And Senates wait to do their Conqu'ring General Right.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams restore;

That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'dst its Shore;

For, like the Spring, when thy bright Aspects seen,

Thou on the People darts thy Rays,

And all the Land does smile, and all the Sky's serene.

III. As

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
 Whom the South Wind on Foreign Coasts detains,
 Beyond his wonted and accustom'd Time,
 From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
 And will not from the Shore avert her Face;
 But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,
 Expensive of her briny Tears,
 In Hopes to see him reach his Native Clime,
 Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
Britain from Germany her Marlborough requires.

IV.

Safe, by thy Presence, Oxen plow the Fields,
 And *Ceres* with Increase her Blessings yields;
 As every Project to our Wish succeeds;
 While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
 From *Gallia's* Naval Threats is free,
 And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy virtuous Deeds.

V.

To thee and to thy chaste Example's Due,
 No Peer frequents the long neglected Stew;
 That Parents by their Childrens Looks are known,
 That Laws are put in Force,
 And Punishments come on of Course,
 When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot*?
 Or the dark Mischiefs of false *Bavarians* Plot?
 Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Swede*?
 If *Marlborough's* free from Harms,
 The World against us is in vain in Arms;
 And in his Health alone *Britain's* from Danger freed.

VII.

VII.

Be thou but safe, we'll safely spend our Days,
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flow'rs raise;
Will lop the *Sycamore*, and prune the *Vine*,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which we dine.

VIII.

To thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows and many Bumpers crown'd;
While we to Royal *Anna's* join thy Name,
With the same Rev'rence to thy Praise,
As *Greece* in Ancient Days,
Shew'd to their *Castor's* or *Alcidas'* deathless Fame.

IX.

O matchless Prince! For so the Muse requests,
Return, and lengthen our Thanksgiving-Fests,
Extend them to an endless Round of Years;
Or make one Holiday of Time;
Till thou Cœlestial Regions climb,
And leave us all disconsolate in Tears.

These are our Day-break Wishes when a-thirst we wake,
And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full Bumpers stake.

*Tibi summe Rheni Domitor, Parens Orbis,
Iudice Princeps, gratias agimus Urbes.* Mart. L. ix.



ODE VII.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE Snows are melted all away,
 The Fields grow flow'ry, green and gay,
 The Trees put out their tender Leaves,
 And all the Streams that went astray,
 The Brook again into her Bed receives.

See! The whole Earth has made a change,
 The Nymphs and Graces naked range
 About the Fields, who shrank before
 Into their Caves. The empty Grange
 Prepares its Room, for a new Summer's Store.

Left thou should'st hope Immortal things,
 The changing Year instruction brings,
 The fleeting Hour, that steals away
 The Beggar's Time, and Life of Kings,
 But ne'er returns them, as it does the Day.

The Cold grows soft with Western Gales,
 The Summer over Spring prevails,
 But yields to Autumn's fruitful Rain,
 As this to Winter-Storms and Hails;

Each Loss the hasting Moon repairs again;

But we, when once our Race is done,
 With Tullus and Anchises Son
 (Tho' rich like one, like other good)
 To Dust and Shades, without a Sun,
 Descend, and sink in deep Oblivion's Flood,

Who knows, if the kind Gods will give
 Another Day to Men that live
 In hope of many distant Years,
 Or if one Night more shall retrieve
 The Joys thou lovest by thy idle Fears?
 The pleasant Hours thou spend'st in Health,
 The use thou mak'st of Youth and Wealth,
 As what thou giv'st among thy Friends,
 Escapes thy Heirs, to those the Steakh
 Of Time and Death, where Good and Evil ends.
 For when that comes, nor Birth, nor Fame,
 Nor Piety, nor honest Name,
 Can e'er restore thee. *Theseus* bold,
 Nor chaste *Hippolitus* could tame
 Devouring Fate, that spares nor Young nor Old.



O D E VII.

By another Hand.

In the Second Miscellany, Page 128.

Winter's dissolv'd, behold a World's new Face!
 How Grass the Ground, how Leaves their Branches
 grace.
 That Earth which wou'd not to the Plough-share yield,
 Is softer now, and easie to be till'd.
 And frozen Streams, thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
 With whisp'ring Murmurs in their Channels run:
 The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,
 And o'er the flow'ry Meadows nimbly bound;

The

The Months that run on Time's immortal Wheels,
 The Seasons, treading on each other's Heels,
 The winged Hours that swiftly pass away,
 And spitefully consume the smiling Day,
 Tell us, that all things must with them decay.
 The Year rolls round us in a constant Ring,
 And sultry Summer wastes the milder Spring;
 Whose hot Meridian quickly over-past,
 Declines to *Autumn*, which, with bounteous haste,
 Comes crown'd with Grapes, but suddenly is cross't,
 Cold Winter nips his Vintage with a Frost.
 The Moon renews its Orb, to shine more bright;
 But when Death's Hand puts out our mortal Light,
 With us alas, 'tis ever ever Night!
 With *Tullus* and with *Aeneas* we shall be,
 And the brave Souls of vanquish'd Hero's see,
 Who knows if Gods above, who all things sway,
 Will suffer thee to live another Day?
 Then please thy Genius, and betimes take care
 To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.
 When among Crowds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,
 And from the Judge thy fatal Sentence hear,
 Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
 That thou canst plead, can the past Doom recal.
Dianna, tho' a Goddess, cannot take
 Her chaste *Hippolitus* from *Labe's* Lake.
Pirithous bound in Fetters must remain.
Theseus no more can break his adamantin Chain.

ODE IX.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

Printed in the First Miscellany, Page 175.

I.

Verses immortal as my Bays I sing,

When suited to my trembling String:

When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree

To make one pleasing Harmony.

All Poets are by their blind Captain led:

(For none e'er had the sacrilegious Pride

To tear the well-plac'd Laurel from his aged Head)

Yet *Pindar's* rolling di-hyrambick Tide

Hath still this Praise, That none presume to fly

Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.

Still does *Strophoborus* his Tongue

Sing sweeter than the Bird which on it hung.

Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,

Love from every Verse does flow:

Still *Sappho's* Strings do seem to move,

Instructing all her Sex to Love.

II.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair

More than *Helen* did insnare;

Others a Prince's Grandeur did admire,

And wondring, melted to Desire.

Not only skillful *Trojan* knew

To direct Arrows from the Bended Yew:

Troy more than once did fall,

Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.

Was

Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
 A Subject fit for lasting Poetry?
 Was *Hector*, that prodigious Man alone,
 Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own?
 Was only he so brave to dare his Fate,
 And be the Pillar of a tottering State?

No, others bury'd in Oblivion lye,
 As silent as their Grave;

Because no charitable Poet gave
 Their well-deserv'd Immortality.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
 Are levell'd in th' impartial Grave,
 If they no Poet have.

But I will lay my Musick by,

And bid the mournful Strings in Silence lye

Unless my Songs begin and end with you,
 To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due,
 No Pride does with your rising Honours grow,

You meekly look on suppliant Crowds below.

Should Fortune change your Happy State,

You could admire, yet envy not the Great,

Your equal Hand holds an unbiass'd Scale,

Where no rich Vices, gilded Baits prevail,

You with a gen'rous Honesty despise

What all the Mearner World so dearly prize:

Nor does your Virtue disappear,

With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year

Others, like Comets, visit and away;

Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no Decay,

But with the constant Sun makes an Eternal Day.

IV. We

IV.

We barbarously call them blest,
Who are of largest Tenements possess,
Whilst swelling Coffers break their Owner's Rest,
More truly happy those who can
Govern that little Empire, *Man*;
Bridle their Passions and direct their Will
Thro' all the glitt'ring Paths of charming Ills,
Who spend their Treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n;
Who in a Fixt Unalterable State,
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate;
Who Poyson less than Falshood fear,
Loth to purchase Life so dear:
But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
And seal their Country's Love with their Departing Breath.

O D E IX.

By Mr. *MANNING.*

*I*stta, why so wond'rous Coy,
When Youth invires to Pleasure;
Think you that Love's a Lasting Joy,
That one may taste at leisure?

Consider better, I advise,
The Question I am stating;
That Beauty fades, Occasion flies,
While you're the Point debating.

Tho

Tho' now insensible as fair,
 And all my Vows disdaining,
 You take delight in my Despair,
 And mock my fond Complaining:

When Age shall seize you yet a Maid,
 And all those lovely Tresses,
 Where *Cupid* sits in ambushade,
 And scatters thousand Graces,

Shall fall defenceless from your Head,
 And Love his Camp remove;
 Those sparkling Eyes look sunk and dead,
 That now so fatal prove:

When that Vermilion on your Face,
 That dots the Rose outry,
 To deadly Paleness shall give place,
 And lose its Crimson Dye.

Then (mark me) as the faithful Glass
 The dismal Change betrays,
 You'll cry, *How mad was I to pass*
So ill my youthful Days:

But oh, too late my Fault I own,
 (None can past Youth renew)
 I'm ever destin'd to bemoan
 The Joys I never knew.

ODE XIII.

Never before Printed.

I.

Long have my Pray'rs slow Heav'n assail'd,
But Thanks to all the Pow'rs above,
That still revenge the Cause of injur'd Love;
Lyce, at last they have prevail'd.
Now full amend by Heav'n is made,
For who can Providence upbraid,
That sees thy former Sins which hasten'd Age repaid?

II.

Thou'rt Old, and yet by awkward Ways dost strive
Th' unwilling Passion to revive;
Dost Dance, and Drink, and Thrum upon thy Lyre,
And all to catch some silly Country Squire:
Alas! in Chloe's Cheeks Love basking lies,
Chloe, great Beauty's fairest Prize,
Chloe, that charms our Ears, and ravishes our Eyes.

III.

The vig'rous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,
Where sapless Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend;
For Love, like other Gods, disdains
To grace the Shrine, that Age has once profan'd;
He too Laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow;
How shou'd his youthful Fires agree with hoary Age's Snow?

IV.

In vain with wondrous Art, and mighty Care,
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair,
No far-fetch'd Silks one Minute can restore
What Time has added to the endless Score

No,

No, precious Stones, tho' never so bright
They shine with their own Native Light,
Will but disgrace thee now, and but enhance thy Night.

Ah me! where's now that Mein! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that ev'ry Grace!
That Colour! whose enchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led?
Strange turn of Fate, that she
Who from my self so oft has stolen poor me,
Now thro' the just Revenge of Time, stol'n from her self shou'd be,

Time was when Lyce's pow'rful Face
To Phillis only gave the Place;
Perfect in all those little Tricks of Love,
Which Charms the Senses, and the Fancy move;
But Fate to Phillis a long Reign deny'd,
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride:
She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as she dy'd.

VII.

Thou like some old Commander in Disgrace,
Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,
Now the great Business of thy Life is done
Review'st with Grief what Trophies thou hast won,
Damn'd to be parch'd with Lust, tho' chill'd with Age,
And tho' past Action damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might Laugh to see that glaring Light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

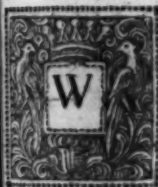


H O R A C E.

E P O D E I.

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

Printed in the First Part of *Miscellany Poems*, Page 183.



W H E N you, *Macenas*, with your Train,
Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
Expose your selves to the rough Main,
And *Cæsar's* threat'ning Danger meet.
Whilst in ignoble Ease I'm left behind;
And shall I call you cruel, or too kind,

II.
Pastimes and Wine, which Verse inspire,
Are tasteless all, now you are gone;
Untun'd is both my Mind and Lyre,
And in full Courts I scam alone.
The Relish you to my Enjoyments give,
And Life, depriv'd of you, can'd hardly live.

III.
Then shou'd I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlace in my Hand?

Yes,

Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
 Or tread scorch'd *Africk's* treacherous Sand,
 And I perhaps cou'd fight, or such as I,
 At least, instead of better Men, cou'd dye.

IV.

You'll say, what are my Pains to you?
 I'm not for War and Action made:
 Bid me my humble Care pursue,
 Seek Winter-Sun and Summer-Shade:
 Whilst both your great Example, and Commands,
 Require more Active and Experienc'd Hands.

V.

If you say this, you never knew
 Friendship, the noblest Part of Love;
 What for her Fawn can th' Old One do,
 Or for her young the timorous Dove?
 They're more at Ease, tho' helpless, being near;
 And Absence, ev'n in Safety, causes Fear.

VI.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
 To gain your Favour I wou'd take:
 But don't what's said on *Virtue's* Score,
 For *ferule* Flattery mistake.
 No City-Palace, or large Country Seat,
 I seek, nor aim so low as to be great.

VII.

I never lik'd those restless Minds,
 Which by mean Arts with mighty Pain,
 Climb to the *Region* of the *Winds*,
 Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
 Kind Heav'n assures me I shall ne'er be poor,
 And Of—*n* be damn'd to encrease his Store.

E P O D E II.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

Printed in the Second Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 84.

HOW happy in his low Degree,
How rich in humble Poverty is he,
Who leads a Quiet Country Life!
Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scrivener free.
(Thus e'er the Seeds of Vice were sown,
Liv'd Men in Better Ages born,
Who plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their small paternal Field of Corn)
Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
Nor Dreams disturb his Morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep,
The Clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wisely shuns,
Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,
To Servile Salutations runs:
But either to the clasping Vine
Does the supporting Poplar wed,
Or with his Pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more Happy Branches in their stead:
Or climbing to a hilly Steep,
He views his Herds in Vales afar,
Or sheers his over-burthen'd Sheep,
Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares,
Of Virgin-Honey, in the Jars.

G

He

Or in the now Declining Year,
When bount'ous *Autumn* rears his Head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And clust'ring Grapes with Purple spread.
The Fairest of his Fruit he serves,
Priapus, thy Rewards :
Sylvanus too his Part deserves,
Whose Care the Fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted Grass he lyes ;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,
With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes :
The Wind that whistles thro' the Sprays,
Maintains the Consort of the Song ;
And hidden Birds with native Lays,
The Golden Sleep prolong.
But when the Blast of Winter blows,
And hoary Frost inverts the Year,
Into the naked Woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear :
Or spreads his subtle Nets from Sight,
With twinkling Glasses to betray
The Larks that in the Marshes light,
Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.
Amidst his harmless easie Joys,
No anxious Care invades his Health,
Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,
Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,
To ease the Bus'ness of his Life,

Divides with him his Household Care,
Such as the *Sabine Matrons* were,
Such as the Swift *Apulian's* Bride:

Sun burnt and swarthy tho' she be,
Will Fire for Winter's Nights provide,

And without Noise will oversee

His Children and his Family ;

And order all things, 'till he come,

Sweaty and over-labour'd, home ;

If she in Pens his Flocks will fold,

And then produce her Dairy Store,

With Wine to drive away the Cold,

And unbought Dainties of the Poor.

Not Oysters of the *Lucrine Lake*

My sober Appetite would wish,

Nor *Turbot*, or the Foreign Fish

That rolling Tempests overtake,

And hither waft the costly Dish.

Not *Heathpows*, or the rarer Bird,

Which *Phasis*, or *Ionis* yields,

More pleasing Morfels wou'd afford

Than the fat Olives of my Fields ;

Than Shards or Mallows for the Pot,

That keep the loosen'd Body sound,

Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,

To the just Guardian of my Ground.

Amidst these Feasts of happy Swains

The jolly Shepherd smiles to see

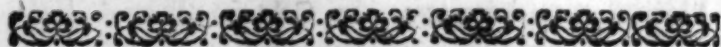
His Flocks returning from the Plains ;

The Farmer is as pleas'd as he,

To view his Oxen sweating Smoke,

Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke ;

To look upon his menial Crew,
 That sit around his chearful Hearth,
 And Bodies spent in Toil renew
 With wholesome Food and Country Mirth.
 This *Morecraft* said within himself;
 Resolv'd to leave this wicked Town,
 And live retir'd upon his own,
 He call'd his Mony in:
 But the prevailing Love of Pelf,
 Soon split him on the former Shelf,
 And put it out again.



E P O D E II.

By Mr. C O W L E Y.

Printed in his Poems, Page 720.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

Happy the Man whom bounteous Gods allow
 With his own Hand Paternal Grounds to plow!
 Like the first golden Mortals, happy he,
 From Business and the Cares of Mony free!
 No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,
 No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep;
 From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,
 Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.
 Sometimes the *beauteous*, marriageable Vine
 He to the lusty Bridegroom-Elm does join;
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
 And grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound.
 Sometimes he sheers his Flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the Golden Treasures of the Bee.
 He sees his lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,
 Whilst neighb'ring Hills low back to them again:

And

*And when the Season, rich as well as gay,
 All her Autumnal Bounty does display,
 How is he pleas'd th' encreasing Use to see
 Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree!
 Of which large Shares, on the glad Sacred Days,
 He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
 With how much Joy does he beneath some Shade,
 By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,
 His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,
 His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.
 By him a River constantly complains,
 The Birds above rejoice with various Strains,
 And in the solemn Scene their Orgies keep,
 Like Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep;
 Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait,
 And nought within against it shuts the Gate.*

*Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,
 Or sullen Jove, all Sports to him deny.
 He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
 His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Concert rends the Air;
 Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,
 He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar;
 Here flies the Hawk t' assault, and there the Net
 To intercept the travelling Fowl is set.
 And all his Malice all his Craft is shown
 In innocent Wars, on Beasts and Birds alone.
 This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,
 From thee the great One, Tyrant Love from thee;
 And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely Wife,
 Be added to the Blessings of this Life,
 Such as the ancient Sun-burnt Sicans were,
 Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,
 Who makes the Children and the House her Care,
 And joyfully the Work of Life does share,*

Nor thinks herself too noble, or too fine,
 To pin the Sheep-fold, or to milch the Kine;
 Who waits at Door against her Husband come,
 From Rural Duties, late, and weary'd home:
 Where she receives him with a kind Embrace,
 A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face;
 And fills the Bowl up to a homely Lord,
 And with Domestick Plenty loads the Board.
 Not all the lustful Shell fish of the Sea,
 Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury,
 Nor Ortalans, nor Godwits, nor the rest
 Of costly Names, that glorifie a Feast,
 Are at the Princely Tables better Cheer,
 Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here.



E P O D E XV.

To his Perjur'd Mistress.

By Mr. T. Y A L D E N.

Nox erat, & Coelo fulgebat Luna Sereno, &c.

IT was one Evening, when the rising Moon
 Amidst her Train of Stars distinctly shone:
 Serene and calm was the inviting Night,
 And Heav'n appear'd in all its Lustre bright;
 When you, *Neara*, you, my Perjur'd Fair,
 Did to abuse the Gods and me prepare;
 'Twas then you swore—Remember, faithless Maid,
 With what endearing Arts you then betray'd ;

Re-

Remember all the tender things that past,
 When round my Neck your willing Arms were cast;
 The circling *Ivies*, when with *Oaks* they join,
 Seem loose, and coy, to those fond Arms of thine.

*Believe, you cry'd, this solemn Vow, believe
 The noblest Pledge that Love and I can give:
 Or if there's ought more sacred here below,
 Let that confirm my Oath to Heav'n and you.
 If e'er my Breast a Guilty Flame receives,
 Or covets Joys but what thy Presence gives;
 May ev'ry injur'd Power assert thy Cause,
 And Love avenge his Violated Laws:
 While cruel Beasts of Prey infest the Plain,
 And Tempests rage upon the faithless Main:
 While Sighs and Tears shall list'ning Virgins move,
 So long, ye Pow'rs, will fond Næra love.*

Ah faithless Charmer, lovely perjur'd Maid!
 Are thus my Vows and gen'rous Flame repaid?
 Repeated Slights I have too tamely bore,
 Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.
 Why do I listen to that Syren's Voice,
 Love ev'n thy Crimes, and fly to guilty Joys!
 Thy fatal Eyes my best Resolves betray,
 My Fury melts in soft Desires away:
 Each Look, each Glance, for all thy Crimes atones,
 Elude my Rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd Soul dares yet be brave,
 Unless I'm fond of Shame, confirm'd a Slave,
 I will be deaf to that enchanting Tongue,
 Nor on thy Beauties gaze away my Wrong.

At length I'll loath each prostituted Grace,
 Nor court the Leavings of a cloy'd Embrace;
 But shew with Manly Rage, my Soul's above
 The cold Returns of thy exhausted Love.
 Then thou shalt justly mourn at my Disdain,
 Find all thy Arts, and all thy Charms are vain:
 Shalt mourn, whilst I, with nobler Flames pursue
 Some Nymph, as fair, tho' not unjust as you;
 Whose Wit and Beauty shall like thine excel,
 But far surpass in Truth, and Loving well.

But wretched thou, whoe'er my Rival art,
 That fondly boasts an Empire o'er her Heart;
 Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant Prize,
 And vainly triumph'st with my Victories;
 Unenvy'd now o'er all her Beauties rove,
 Enjoy thy Ruin and *Neara's* Love:
 Tho' Wealth and Honour grace thy nobler Birth,
 To bribe her Love, and fix a wand'ring Faith:
 Tho' ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Virtue join,
 T'enrich thy Mind, and make thy Form Divine:
 Yet blest with endless Charms, too soon you'll prove
 The Treacheries of false *Neara's* Love.
 Lost, and abandon'd by th'ungrateful Fair,
 Like me you'll love, be injur'd, and despair;
 When left th'unhappy Object of her Scorn,
 Then shall I smile to see the Victor mourn,
 Laugh at thy Fate, and triumph in my Turn.

H O R A C E.



H O R A C E.

BOOK I. SATYR I.

By Mr. HORNECK.



Hence is't, *Mænas*, that so few approve
The State they're plac'd in, and incline to
rove;

Whether against their Will, by Fate im-
pos'd,

Or by Consent and prudent Choice espous'd?
Happy the Merchant! the old Soldier cries,
Broke with Fatigues, and warlike Enterprize,
The Merchant, when the dreaded Hurricane
Tosses his wealthy Cargo on the Main,
Applauds the Wars and Toils of a Campaign.
There an Engagement soon decides your Doom,
Bravely to die, or come victorious home.
The Lawyer vows the Farmer's Life is best,
When, at the Dawn, the Clients break his Rest.
The Farmer having put in Bail t'appear,
And forc'd to Town, cries they're happiest there:
With Thousands more of this inconstant Race,
Wou'd tire *Fabius* to relate each Case.

Not to detain you longer, pray attend
 The Issue of all this; Should *Jove* descend,
 And grant to ev'ry Man his rash Demand,
 To run his Lengths with a neglectful Hand;
First, Grant the harass'd Warrior a Release,
 Bid him go trade, and try the faithless Seas,
 To purchase Treasure and declining Ease.
 Next call the Pleader from his learned Strife,
 To the calm Blessings of a Country Life:
 And, with these sep'rate Demands, dismiss
 Each Suppl'ant to enjoy the promis'd Bliss,
 Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
 Tho' proffer'd to be happy from above.
 Were it not just that *Jove*, provok'd to Heat,
 Shou'd drive these Triflers from the Hallow'd Seat,
 And unrelenting stand when they intreat?

But not to pass this Subject as in Jest,
 Tho' serious Truths may with a Smile be dress'd;
 As your indulgent Masters use to teach
 Their hum'rous Scholars the first Parts of Speech;
 Soothing with Plumbs and Cakes th'unpleasant Noise,
 And soft'ning the harsh Lines with that Disguise.

Now to be grave. The Farmer's early Care,
 The Vintner's Craft, the Sold'cr's scanty Fare,
 The Sailor's Shocks by Sea, and Change of Air,
 Center in this, *To quit the Stage at last,*
And reap the Harvest of their Labours past.
 Vainly proposing to themselves, when gain'd,
 An Easy Competence, they'll stop their Hand:
 Taking their Measure from the Emmer's Toil,
 Who rakes from ev'ry Stack to heap the Pile,
 Appriz'd and wary of the Future Ill.

Who

Who when *Aquarius* bodes the Season's Change,
 Safe in his Hoards, he's never known to range;
 When neither Solstice Heat, or Winter Frost,
 Swords, Fire, the Sea's united Host,
 Can check your raging Lust of Gain,
 'Till equal to the Best in Wealth and Train.

What profits burying so much Coin and Plate,
 Fearful to lose, if it should circulate?
 But you'll reply, If once a Bag is broke,
 It dwindles, and insensibly goes off.
 But if you never lessen the vast Store,
 You're still amidst these Golden Mountains poor.
 What if a Thousand Quarters of thresh'd Wheat
 Lye on your Floors, you more than I can't eat;
 And all can but suffice your Appetite:
 Just as the Slave who's loaded with the Sack,
 Shares no more Bread than the Unfurnish'd Back.
 Or pray convince me, where's the Odds 'twixt one
 Who, within narrow Bounds confin'd, has sown
 His Fifty Acres, and the Man who ploughs
 Thousands with greedy Hands, and empty Vows?
 Ay, but 'tis pleasant, from the Full-pil'd Heap,
 To draw at leisure, and full Garners keep,
 Whilst we with Care must lessen what we reap.
 Why shou'd your Granaries be valu'd more
 Than my poor Basket with its humble Store?
 As if when Thirst does but one Glass require,
 I shou'd in spacious Floods abate the Fire,
 And not with lesser Goblets quench Desire.
 To him they're odly bigger in Conceit,
 Like those who Much prefer to what is Fit.
 When the swift *Ausid* by Land-floods supply'd,
 Rolls Banks with loosen'd Trees along the Tide.

He that can live on Nature's slender Meal
Drinks the pure *Nectar* of the neighb'ring Well,
Nor trusts his Fortune on a faithless Keel.

But most impos'd on by a Vicious Taste,
Fancy their Treasures never swell too fast;
For as the World goes, all the Court that's shewn,
Is in Proportion to the Wealth you own.
What wou'd you say to such? They're free
To live so, since they like the Slavery.
As one at *Athens* miserably rich,
Answer'd their Satyrs with this careless Speech:
The People hiss me, but I clap my self,
When I entrench'd at home, count o'er my Pelf.

The thirsty *Tantalus*, amidst the Floods,
Striving to quench his Drought——
But why a Simile I beg you? Change the Name;
The Story fits you, and you're just the same;
Whilst snatching at your Bags you Slumbers steal,
Thinking it Sacrilege to break the Seal;
And in reality no more possess,
Than Pictures you admire, but not care for.

Perhaps thou art ignorant of what Use
Thy Money is, and that is thy Excuse:
Buy Bread and Herbs, and a brisk Charge of Wine,
To these some other Necessaries join,
Without which languid Nature must decline.
Is't pleasant, think you, to be hourly scar'd?
Jealous of Thieves, and of your Household Guard,
Lest they should strip you, and file off unheard.
If these are the sole Blessings which await
The Miser's Life, grant me the meanest Fate!

You'll

You'll urge perhaps a Cold may seize your Head,
 Or Chronique Case confine you to your Bed,
 Then your Wealth's useful to procure a Friend,
 A Nurse to chafe, Physicians to attend
 The Crisis, and restore you in the end.
 But still your Wife and the expecting Heir,
 Think ev'ry Minute long till you expire,
 And all your Neighbours second the Desire.
 Don't wonder, when you prize your Gold above
 All Friends, you meet with such indifferent Love.
 If by no Marks of Bounty you retain
 Kindred and Friends, you act as much in vain,
 As if you'd teach an Ass t'obey the Rein.

Cease now, at last, thus rich, to covet more,
 When there's so little fear of being poor,
 Learn to be easy, and renounce all Claim
 To Further Wealth, when you have got your aim,
 Nor like *Umidius*, who, the Story says,
 Measur'd his Money, but withal so base,
 That he went always cloathed like a Slave,
 Dreading to starve before he reach'd the Grave :
 But a Virago of his Family
 Eas'd with an Ax his Fears, and set him free.

What do y^advice me? To turn Prodigal,
 And by Debauches quickly run out all?
 You press a Character so opposite,
 As with my frugal one will ne'er unite:
 No: But when I your sordid Temper blame,
 I'd neither have you squander Wealth or Fame:
 Twixt two Extremes there is a golden Mean,
 Which to this Side or that must never lean;

If once those narrow Boundaries are crost,
Our Notions of what's right and just are lost.
But to resume the Point;

Is it not strange that none are really blest
More than the Niggard, but as void of Rest,
Thinking another's Fortune still the Best.
Pine 'cause their Neighbours Cattle hourly thrive,
And full stretch'd Dugs a Larger Shower give;
Disdain to sive among the Middle Sort,
But strive to mount o'er his great Man at Court;
Whilst still there's one more pow'ful in Sway,
O'ertakes them in their Course, and blocks their Way.
As when two Char'ots from the Bars releas'd,
The hindmost Driver presses on his Beast,
Till, past his Rival, he commands the Plain,
And in Derision holds a sportive Rein.

From this Inconstancy we rarely find,
One that has liv'd agree'ble to his Mind.
Contented with the Years he has possess'd,
Retires without Disturbance from Life's Feast,
And drops asleep like a Well-sated Guest.

Not one Word more, lest you shou'd think I've stole
A tedious Lesson from blind *Crispin's* Roll.



S A T Y R I.

Imitated by a young Gentleman at Cambridge.

Printed in the Sixth Miscellany, Page 475.

—Corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus
 Esse opus omnino, quæ demant quenque dolorem,
 Delicias quoque uti multas substernere possint, &c.
 —Nil nostro in corpore gazæ
 Proficiunt, neque nobilitas, neque gloria regni:
 Quod superest animo quoque nil prodesse putandum est.
Lucret. Lib. 2.

MY Lord, whence comes it, that with wav'ring Thought,
 We thus neglect what once with Care we sought?

That none can easie, none content can live,
 With what their Reason chose, or Fate would give?
 Each brainsick Hum'rist likes his Neighbours Road,
 And, since he goes it not, perversely thinks it good.
 The haggard Veteran deform'd with Scars,
 And broke with long Fatigues in constant Wars,
 Curses the starveling Honours he has got,
 And cries, The happier Merchant's be my Lot.
 The Merchant, trembling, whilst the rowling Seas
 Toss the charg'd Barque, and risque his future Ease,
 Cries, Happy only is the Soldier's Fate,
 A ling'ring Fortune never forc'd to wait;
 Whose Hopes are in one happy Minute crown'd:
 In Victory, or Death, a certain Prize is found.
 The harras'd Lawyer thinks the Peasant blest,
 When early Clients interrupt his Rest,
 And with import'nant Fears his downy Hours molest.

3
 The

The lab'ring Peasant, whom vexatious Law,
 And dread Subpœnas to the City draw,
 Extols each Pleasure of the gawdy Town,
 Where he no Labour feels, no irksome Toil has known.
 'Twere vain the differing Wishes to rehearse,
 Or sow'r with Discontents each jarring Verse;
 Not all could be express'd by Fabius' Tongue,
 Tho' fam'd for speaking nought, and pleading long.
 But lest, like him, I, with censorious Rhime,
 Should trespass on your Thoughts, or waste your Time,
 Hear to what speedy Issue I the Cause
 Will bring, and try it by impartial Laws.
 Suppose some God, mov'd with our constant Grief,
 Order'd each Malecontent his wish'd Relief:
 Do thou, who hat'st Campaigns, a Seaman be;
 And thou a Soldier, who condemn'st the Sea;
 The Lawyer to his fancy'd Ease retire;
 And the rude Hind to courtly Joys aspire:
 Hence, hence depart with cheerful Looks, and bless
 The pitying Pow'r, that gave your Grievs redress,
 Chang'd the Decrees of Fate, to fix your Happiness.
 What? Silent? Do you then so soon repeal
 What eager Warmth pursu'd with so much Zeal?
 Can nought your idle Discontents appease?
 Can nought your troubled Souls, your restless Fancies please?
 Come, cheerful what the Gods bestow receive,
 'Tis Man's Part to possess, the Gods can only give:
 What? Hum'rist still? And do you thus embrace
 The tender Deity's abounding Grace?
 What Arts can screen this Folly? What shall move
 The future Favours of deluded Jove?
 Well may his slighted Mercy scorn your Pray'rs,
 Laugh at your Mis'ries, and upbraid your Tears;

Bid you be Wretches still, since you refuse
 What Man could ne'er deserve, what none but you abuse.
 But lest you think this writ in sportive Mood,
 To raise your Fancy, not to make you Good:
 And yet I can't conceive why beauteous Truth
 May not become the gayest Smiles of Youth:
 'Tis thus the Mistress, after fruitless Pains,
 With little Arts the wayward Infant gains;
 Treats him with Plumbs, and winning on his Taste,
 Insinuates the Lesson with the Feast,
 And makes the Bitter kindly relish, and digest.
 But to be serious, and these Trifles quit,
 The easie Off-spring of luxuriant Wis.
 What would the Soldier, what the Seaman have,
 Who dares the warring Ocean's Fury brave?
 What would the Vintners, who with dang'rous Arts
 Increase the Juice the bounteous God imparts;
 Refine on Nature's Stores, and think her Reign
 Too narrow for their vast Desires of Gain?
 With one Consent they make this joint Reply;
 'Tis future Cares our present Thoughts employ:
 When trembling Limbs and stiffen'd Nerves presage
 The sad Approaches of a helpless Age;
 What then shall aid us, if the timely Care
 Of vig'rous Youth does not the Burthen bear,
 And antedate the Labours of the hoary Year?
 Thus with fam'd Providence the slender Ant,
 The great Example of good Management,
 Whilst the fair Season lasts, and lavish'd Grain
 Profusely on the Floors unwatch'd remain,
 Industrious his little Garner fills,
 And the Provisions for his Winter steals;
 Grateful, he takes what the Occasion grants,
 And with the present Waste supplies his future Wants.

'Tis true; but when the Winter sharper grows,
 And the decaying Year turns hoar with Snows,
 When Nature's Penury can nought afford,
 The little Beast lives wanton on his board,
 And what with anxious Care his prudent Foresight stor'd.
 Not so with thee, whose raging Thirst of Gold,
 Not Fire, nor Sword, not Sea, not Heat, nor Cold,
 Can e'er abate; and yet thy only Care
 Is to be Richer than thy Neighbours are.
 Whence then these monstrous Fears, that dare presume
 To violate the common Mother's Womb,
 And make the fruitful Seat thy bury'd Treasures Tomb?
 What Fruit, what Int'rest canst thou thence receive?
 What kind return should injur'd Nature give?
 Or change her Course, to make her En'm thrive?
 "But if hard Times should break upon my Hoard,
 "Or Folly squander what my Prudence stor'd;
 "The rest too flies, and mould'ring sinks away,
 "Leaving its Master to deserv'd Decay.
 But say, supposing it untouch'd, and whole,
 Whence spring the Charms, that move thy ravish'd Soul?
 What Beauty canst thou in its Grossness find,
 To please thy Thoughts, and elevate thy Mind?
 What? tho' thy Barns be full, and Purse commands
 The various Products of ten thousand Lands?
 Tho' lusty Nature lavishes her Pow'r
 To meet thy Wish, and multiply thy Store?
 Tho' teeming Provinces their Harvests join
 To swell thy Treasures? Where's the vast Design?
 Thy Stomach rioting at plenteous Feasts,
 No more than mine can hold, no more digests.
 As if amongst the Hinds, with friendly Care,
 Thou the Provision of the rest should bear;

Then

Thou couldst not, after all thy Toil and Sweat,
 A greater Portion than thy Fellows eat,
 Who careless walk'd at ease, nor felt the galling Weight:
 Or tell me freely, when the easie Mind
 Can live by Nature's frugal Laws confin'd;
 Where is the difference to considering Men,
 To plough ten thousand Acres, or but ten?
 "But then 'tis sweet to view the smiling Stores,
 "And crowd the distant Joys of future Hours
 Into one Moment's Thought, and make them present ours.
 "'Tis Godlike Luxury of Happiness,
 To be possessing still, and know we always shall possess:
 To take from Heaps that — "What? thou canst but have
 What common Appetites of Nature crave:
 And if my earthen Farr, with measur'd Grain,
 Can those in Pleasure, and in Health maintain;
 I would not richer be, I want no more,
 That Egypt is to me, 'tis Africk's fruitful Shore.
 'Twere Madness sure, if thirsty Nature's Want
 One Glass could ease, one Bottle could content;
 To try the boundless Ocean's Depths explore
 To quench my Thirst, nor starve my fancy'd Pow'r;
 Draining a petty Fountain's thrifty Store.
 Hence comes it, that where greedy Hopes prevail,
 And Fancy, not our Reason, holds the Scale;
 The angry Ausidus swells his foaming Streams,
 And shews the Moral of the Miser's Dreams;
 Devouring all, he marks his wasteful Way,
 And bears the yielding Banks and thoughtless Wretch away.
 When he, whose Thoughts, contented, ne'er aspire,
 Nor swell beyond what present Wants require;

Fears

Fears not, reclining o'er the mossy Side,
 The dreadful Ravage of the angry Tide,
 Nor spoils himself the Streams, which pure, which peaceful
 glide.

He wisely views, how all around him smile,
 The Plants not whither'd, nor too rank the Soil:
 How Nature's equal Care does each maintain
 In proper Beauty, by a frugal Reign;
 Then quaffs his limpid Nectar, free from Fears,
 And flourishes alike with Nature's other Cares.

But still, the blinded World with Scorn regards
 That Indolence, which these Results rewards;
 And ravish'd with a tawdry tinsel'd Dress,
 For that alone each God thy anxious press,
 That is their only Wish, that they can only bless:
 Think there's no Scandal, but in being Poor,
 And measure virtuous Worth by great Extent of Pow'r.
 What shall we do then, since no Hellebore,
 No Reason can the willing Mad restore?
 Ev'n let 'em still continue in their Dreams,
 Debauch their Fancies with the soothing Themes;
 'Twere vain and hopeless to presume Success,
 Where Patients hug their Ills, and hate the kind Redress.
 At Athens liv'd a Wretch, sordid and Old,
 Possessing nothing, but possess'd by Gold.
 Him the insulting Mob, with Taunts assail'd,
 Fear'd as he pass'd, or hiss'd, and loudly rail'd,
 Hence with the hideous Monster's baleful Sight,
 Rebel of Nature, and Mankind's despight;
 Bear him far hence, where griping Harpies Reign,
 And kindred Monsters fill the dismal Scene;

Unfit for us, or Life——By Chance repriev'd,
 Got home, and from the publick Fury sav'd,
 He thus reflects——Well Fools hiss on, and threat,
 Vent all your Malice, all your Scorn and Hate;
 Shall these small Blasts my steady Barque o'erset?
 'Tis not your empty Honours tempt my Views,
 A nobler Joy my lab'ring Thought pursues;
 Thou, thou, my darling Gold, reign'st Monarch here,
 The dearest Object of my Hope and Fear.
 Whilst thou art guarded safe from Insults free,
 Let them wreak all their Bolts, waste all their Shafts on me:
 Not all their Threats my stedfast Soul shall move,
 In Death I'll taste thy Sweets and revel with my Love;
 Push my Enjoyments ev'n beyond the Grave,
 Since living I no Joys but in thy Tomb can have.
 Poor Tantalus the swelling Flood surveys,
 That flies his Lips, and can't his Thirst appease.
 Why smil'st Thou, Ignorant? Thou art that Curst,
 That Wretch, who dy'st with everlasting Thirst;
 And what the Fable draws in short, is near
 Shewn in full length by thy Example here.
 Thou art the real Tantalus, whose Sleep's
 Broke with distemper'd Broodings o'er thy Heaps,
 Declare thy tortur'd Soul, the Joys thy Av'rice reaps:
 Who basely deify'st what bounteous Heav'n
 Design'd thy useful Slave, a Blessing giv'n;
 Yet thou pervert'st its Use, mak'st it thy Lord,
 As Jove again was to that Form restor'd,
 Irradiated its Beams, and lighten'd from thy Hord:
 As if the glorious Form for Shew was made,
 A tasteless Pleasure, and an empty Shade;
 Or as the Delphian Deities watch'd o'er,
 And Thunder guarded safe thy hallow'd Store,

Know'st

Know'st thou not, after all thy racking Cares,
 To raise the Heaps thy niggard Nature spares,
 The real Value, which thy Treasure bears?
 What? know'st thou not its Use? let Bread be bought,
 Let sav'ry Herbs, and cheerful Wine be sought;
 Let Nature's Cravings meet their just Supplies:
 And little sure can all her Wants suffice.
 Restless all Night, half dead with Fear each Hour,
 Lest sudden Flames thy fav'rite Gold devour;
 Lest sturdy Burglars should besiege thy Pelf,
 Or faithless Servants rob you of your self:
 Are these the only Joys thy Wealth can grant,
 The only Pleasures that thy Soul can want?
 May I such dang'rous Blessings ever shun,
 Nor wish preposterously to be undone:
 May I be ever Poor, and 'scape the Snares
 The treach'rous Syren for the Rich prepares.
 " But should a raging Fever boil your Blood;
 " Or fiercer Cold freeze up the vital Flood;
 " Should any Mis'ry nail you to your Bed,
 " Gouts rack your Limbs, or Shootings split your Head;
 " This will procure you Aid, secure you Friends
 " To watch your Wants, and wait your sick Commands;
 " To bathe and rub you with obsequious Care,
 " And ev'ry friendly Drug with friendlier Help prepare;
 " Shall gain the Doctor's interposing Pow'r,
 " To save their Friend, and ward the fatal Hour;
 " Shall make him Medicines utmost Arts explore,
 " By that one happy Cure the Family to restore.
 Mistaken Wretch; thy Children, Friends, thy Wife,
 Dread the Continuance of thy irksome Life;
 Hate the officious Care, that bars their Joys,
 Retards Possession, and their Hope destroys:

These are the Fruits thy Avarice attend,
 A wretched, hated Life, and unlamented End.
 And where's the Wonder? In thy Days of Health,
 Thy only Pleasure was to rake up Wealth;
 That was thy only Friend, the rest past by
 Unknown, as alien Blood; or hated, as too nigh:
 Gold was the only Thought thy Soul could move,
 All was devoted to that fatal Love;
 What can'st thou in return from Friends expect,
 But equal Hatred, and deserv'd Neglect?
 Well may they in thy Miseries make bold,
 And sacrifice thee, in their turn, to Gold.
 Nature, 'tis true, may kindly give you Friends,
 But 'tis your Care must make 'em serve your Ends:
 'Tis just you buy their Service, as they yours;
 'Tis mutual Interest Nature's frailer Bond secures:
 All other Motives, Methods, Ties are vain,
 Successless Labour, and unfruitful Pain;
 As if you'd teach the sluggish Ass the Course,
 To match th' Olympian Racer's noble Force,
 Or vie with proud Thessalia's air-born Horse.
 Then let there be an End to all your Cares,
 And since your Stocks are great, be less your Fears;
 End all your Labours, since their End is got,
 And Fortune crowns you with a smiling Lot.
 Do not like rich Umidius (hateful Name,
 Not long the Story, tho' well known by Fame,) }
 Whose Wealth, too pond'rous for the common Scale,
 Was measur'd out, to ease the tedious Tale;
 Yet thoughtless Wretch, he dy'd with constant dread
 Of griping Penury, and want of Bread;
 Disclaim'd his Riches, and renounc'd his Kind,
 In Habits suited to his slavish Mind:

And

And what's the End of all this Treasure spar'd?

What proves, for all his Toils, a just Reward?

A Fav'rite Slave, (if any can be so

To joyless Misers, who no Pleasures know)

Took pity on her Patron's wretched Case,

Gave him his Freedom with a Heroine's Grace,

Eas'd him from Life, and set his Soul at Peace.

" Well then? What's your Advice? That I shou'd thrive

" Like Nævius, or like Nomentanus live?

Strangely perverse! Is that a Vice to shun,

To its most distant Opposite to run,

Uneasie to be sav'd, and glad to be undone?

Is there no golden Medium to be found,

A Seat for Virtue, and for Vice a Bound?

I do not griping Avarice reprehend,

That I may Rakes and Prodigals commend.

Wide is the Difference, and distinct the Fire,

Which flames in Tanais, and exalts Desire,

From the froz'n Humours of Visellius's Sire.

In ev'ry thing a certain Mean is plac'd,

Which must be reach'd, and never be transgress'd:

In this small Compass Virtue seats her Throne,

By most unheeded, tho' to few unknown,

Who leave her real Charms for Monsters of their own.

But to resume the Subject I begun,

Nor wildly from my stated Purpose run;

Shall, like the Miser, none approve his State,

But rather praise the diff'rent Turns of Fate?

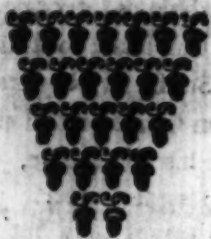
Shall pine, when others swell with flowing Joy,

Fond to amass; yet seeming fonder to destroy:

Shall overlook the Crowds of poorer Men,

Unfit for Envy, and too low for Spleen;

Shall only this or that rich Man regard,
 Spurs to his Hopes, and Patterns of his Care's Reward:
 Whilst still some richer One appears in View,
 To draw him onwards, and his Toil renew.
 As when the Chariots, with applauding Cries,
 Start from the Goal to run Olympia's Prize;
 With equal Ardour, tho' unequal Speed,
 All forwards press the eager foaming Steed:
 Each bravely pushing only at the best,
 Drives furious towards it, and neglects the rest,
 Hence springs the Reason why so few confess
 Their Life a real Round of Happiness;
 That few are known content to quit the Scene,
 Pleas'd with their Part, without Regret or Pain;
 Can leave its Pleasures, like a chearful Guest,
 Full with the Dainties of a dubious Feast,
 Sated with Life, in all, in its last Changes bless'd.
 But 'tis enough, nor will I add a Line,
 Lest Crispin's tedious Rhimes should be reputed mine.



H

S A T Y R

SATYR II.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

In the Second Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 144.

I Was at first, a Piece of Fig-tree Wood,
 And long an honest Joiner pond'ring stood,
 Whether he shou'd employ his shaping Tool
 To make a God of me, or a Joint-Stool;
 Each Knob he weigh'd, on ev'ry Inch did plod,
 And rather chose to turn me to a God.
 As a *Priapus* hence I grew ador'd,
 The Fear of ev'ry Thief, and ev'ry Bird.
 The Rascals from their pilf'ring Tricks desist,
 And dread each Wooden Finger of my Fist.
 The Reeds stuck in my Cap the Peckers fright,
 From our new Orchards far they take their Flight,
 And dare not touch a Pippin in my Sight.

When any of the Rabble did de cease,
 They brought 'em to this Place to stink in Peace.
 Un-noisome here the Snuffs of Rogues went out,
 'Twas once a common Grave for all the Rout.
 Loose *Nomentanus* left his Riots here,
 And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.
 Nor in these Pit-holes might they put a Bone,
 Cou'd lye beneath a Dunghil of his own.

But now the Ground for Slaves no more they tear,
 Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air:

Myrtle

Myrtle and Orange Groves the Eye delight,
Where Skulls and Shanks did mix a ghastly Sight,

While here I stand the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the Grievances,
As are those Hags, who, diligent in Ill,
Are either poysoning or bewitching still,
These I can neither hurt nor terrify,
But ev'ry Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt these Allies with their Shrieks and Groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs and Humane Bones.

I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
Their hideous Howlings shook the trembling Ground;
A Palenefs, casting Horror round the Place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haste:
A coal-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore:
By this they force the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,
And Answers to their wild Demands compel.

Two Images they brought of Wax and Wooll,
The Waxed was a little puling Fool,
A chidden Image, ready still to skip,
Whene'er the Woollen one but snapt his Whip.
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls,
A Thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Gardens round.

Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of Shame, or Fright:

May every Crow, and Cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my Crown as often as they fly:
And never miss a Dab, tho' ne'er so high.
May Villain *Julius*, and his Rascal Crew,
Use me with just such Ceremony too.

But how much Time and Patience wou'd it cost,
To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghost?
Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame scrapes,
And hides the Beards of Wolves, and Teeth of Snakes,
While on the Fire the Waxed Image fries.

Vex'd to the Heart to see their Sorceries,
My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprites, my Guts,
My Fig-tree Bowels wambled at the Sluts.
Mad for Revenge, I gather'd all my Wind,
And bounc'd like Fifty Bladders from behind.

Scar'd with the Noise they scud away to Town,
While *Sagana's* false Hair comes dropping down:
Canidia tumbles o'er, for want of Breath,
And scatters from her Jaws her Set of Teeth;
I almost burst to see their Labours cross,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils lost.

S A T Y R

S A T Y R X.

Nempe Incomposito dixi Pede currere Versus
Lucili——

Printed in Rochester's Poems in Twelves.

W E L L, Sir, 'tis granted, I said *Dryden's* Rhimes
 Were stol'n, unequal, nay, dull many times.
 What foolish Patron is there found of his,
 So blindly partial to deny me this?
 But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down
 With *Wit* and *Learning*, justly please the Town,
 In the same Paper I as freely own:
 Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy Mass
 That stuffs up his Loose Volumes must not pass;
 For by that Rule one might as well admit
Crown's tedious Scenes for *Poetry* and *Wis.*
 'Tis therefore not enough, when your *false Sense*
 Hits the *false Judgment* of an Audience
 Of clapping Fools assembling, a vast Crowd,
 'Till the throng'd Play-house crack with the dull Load:
 Tho' ev'n that Talent merits in some sort,
 That can divert the *Rabble* and the *Court*:
 Which *blinding Saddle* never cou'd attain,
 And *puzzling Otway* labours at in vain.
 But within due Proportion circumscribe
 Whate'er you write; that with a flowing Tide
 The Style may rise; yet, in its Rise, forbear,
 With Useless Words t' oppress the weary'd Ear.
 Here be your Language lofty; there more light;
 Your *Rhetorick* with your *Poetry* unite;

For Elegance sake sometimes allay the Force
 Of Epithet; 'twill soften the Discourse:
 A *Jest* in *Scorn* points out, and hits the thing
 More home than the Morosest Satyr's Sting.
Shakespeare and *Johnson* did in this excel,
 And might herein be imitated well;
 Whom refin'd *Etheridge* copies not at all,
 But is himself a meer Original:
 Nor that slow *Drudge* in swift *Pindaric* Strains
Flatman, who *Cowley* imitates with Pains,
 And rides a *Faded Muse* whipt, with Loose Reins.
 When *Lee* makes *Temp'rate Scipio* fret and rave,
 And *Hanibal* a Whining am'rous *Slaves*,
 I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd *Fustian Fool*
 In *Busby's* Hands, to be well lash'd at School.
 Of all our Modern Wits, none seem to me
 Once to have touch'd upon true Comedy,
 But hasty *Shadwell* and slow *Wicherley*.
Shadwell's unfinish'd Works do yet impart
 Great Proofs of Force of Nature, none of Art;
 With just bold Strokes he dashes here and there,
 Shewing Great Mastery with Little Care;
 Scorning to varnish his Good Touches o'er,
 To make the Fools and Women praise him more.
 But *Wycherley* earns hard whate'er he gains;
 He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains;
 He frequently excels, and, at the least,
 Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.
Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With Force, and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd,
 In *Panegyrick* does excel Mankind.
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
 To praise great Conquerors, and flatter Kings.

For pointed Satyr I would *Buckhurst* chuse,
 The Best Good Man, with the *Worst-natur'd* Muse.
 For Songs and Verses mannerly obscene,
 That can stir *Nature* up by Springs unseen,
 And, without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen;
Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
 That can with a *Resistless* Pow'r impart
 The *Loosest* Wishes to the *Chastest* Heart;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Betwixt declining Virtue and Desire,
 Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice Way of Wit,
 For he to be a Tearing Blade thought fit;
 But when he would be sharp he still was blunt,
 To Frisk and Frolick Fancy he'd cry —
 Wou'd give the Ladies a Dry Bawdy Bob,
 And thus he got the Name of *Poor Squab*.
 But, to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found;
 His Excellencies more than Faults abound;
 Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
 The Lawrel, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnson* dull,
Beaumont and *Fletcher* incorrect, and full
 Of *Lewd Lines*, as he calls them? *Shakespear's* Style
 Stiff and affected? To his own, the while,
 Allowing all the Justice, that his Pride
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
 And may not I have Leave Impartially
 To search and censure *Dryden's* Works, and try
 If those gross Faults his choice Pen does commit,
 Proceed from Want of Judgment or of Wit?

Or, if his lumpish Fancy does refuse
 Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern Muse,
 Five Hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,
 Prove him no more a Poet than a Wit;
 Such *Scribbling Authors* have been seen before,
Mustapha, the *Island Princess*, Forty more,
 Were Things perhaps compos'd in Half an Hour.
 To write what may securely stand the Test
 Of being well read over thrice at least,
 Compare each Phrase, examine ev'ry Line,
 Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine;
 Scorn all *Applause* the *Vile Routs* can bestow,
 And be content to please *those few who know*.
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
 To wish thy Works may make a *Play-house* ring
 With the *unbinking Laughter* and poor *Praise*
 Of Fops and Ladies; factious for thy Plays?
 Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy Doom,
 From the Shrewd Judges in the Drawing-Room.
 I've no Ambition on that idle Score,
 But say with *Betty Morice* heretofore,
 When a Court-Lady call'd her *Buckhurst's Whore*:
I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too;
Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.
 Shou'd I be troubl'd when the *purblind Knight*,
 Who squints more in his *Judgment* than his *Sight*,
 Picks *silly Faults*, and censures what I write:
 Or when the Poor-fed Poets of the Town,
 For *Scraps* and *Coach-room* cry my Verses down?
 I leath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,
 If *Sedley*, *Shadwell*, *Sheppard*, *Wicherley*,
Godolphin, *Butler*, *Buckhurst*, *Buckingham*,
 And some few more, whom I omit to name,
 Approve my Sense; I count their *Censure* Fame.

The Country Mouse.

A Paraphrase upon Horace, Book 2. Sat. 6.

By Mr. C O W L E T.

Printed in his Poems, Page 723.

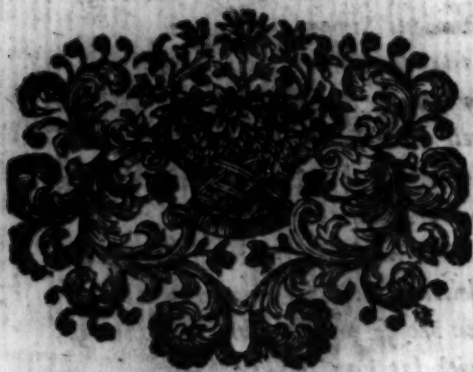
AT the large Foot of a fair hollow Tree,
 Close to plow'd Ground, seated commodiously,
 His Ancient and Hereditary House,
 There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse:
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
 Yet one, who once did nobly entertain
 A City Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
 A Mouse of high Degree, which lost his Way,
 Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
 And arriv'd early, and belighted there
 For a Day's Lodging: The good hearty Host
 (The ancient Plenty of his Hall to boast)
 Did all the Stores produce, that might excite,
 With various Tastes, the Courtier's Appetite:
 Fitches and Beans, Peas, and Oats, and Wheat,
 And a large Chestnut, the delicious Meat
 Which Jove himself, were he a Mouse, would eat.
 And for a Hautgoust there were mix'd with these
 The Sword of Bacon, and the Coat of Cheese;
 The precious Relicks, which at Harvest he
 Had gather'd from the Reapers Luxury.
 Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,
 The bounteous Gods will for to Morrow care.

And thus at Ease on Beds of Straw they lay
 And to their Genius sacrific'd the Day.
 Yet the nice Guest's Epicurean Mind
 (Tho' Breeding made him civil seem, and kind)
 Despis'd this Country Feast, and still his Thought
 Upon the Cakes and Pies of London wrought.
 Your Bounty and Civility (said he)
 Which I'm surpris'd in these rude Parts to see,
 Shews that the Gods have given you a Mind,
 Too noble for the Fate which here you find.
 Why should a Soul so virtuous and so great,
 Lose it self thus in an obscure Retreat?
 Let Savage Beasts lodge in a Country Den,
 You should see Towns, and Manners know, and Men:
 And taste the gen'rous Lux'ry of the Court,
 Where all the Mice of Quality resort;
 Where thousand beauteous Shies about you move,
 And by high Fare are pliant made to Love.
 We all e'er long must render up our Breath,
 No Cave or Hole can shelter us from Death.
 Since Life is so uncertain, and so short,
 Let's spend it all in Feasting, and in Sport.
 Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake
 All the great things that Mortals happy make.
 Alas, what Virtue hath sufficient Arms
 T'oppose bright Honour, and soft Pleasure's Charms?
 What Wisdom can their Magick Force repel?
 It draws this rev'rend Hermit from his Cell.
 It was the time, when witty Poets tell,
 That Phœbus into Thetis' Bosom fell:
 She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,
 And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.

Plainly

Plainly, the Troth to tell, the Sun was set,
When to the Town our weary'd Travellers get,
To a Lord's House, as Lordly as can be,
Made for the Use of Pride and Luxury,
They come; the gentle Courtier at the Door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
But 'tis, Sir, your Command, and being so,
I'm sworn t'Obedience; and so in they go.
Behind a Hanging in a spacious Room,
(The richest Works of Mortclake's noble Loom)
They wait a while their weary'd Limbs to rest,
'Till Silence should invite them to their Feast.
About the Hour that Cynthia's Silver Light,
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the Night;
At last the various Supper being done,
It happen'd that the Company was gone
Into a Room remote, Servants and all,
To please their noble Fancies with a Ball.
Our Host leads forth his Stranger, and does find
All fitted to the Bounties of his Mind.
Still on the Table half-fill'd Dishes stood,
And with delicious Bits the Floor was strow'd.
The courteous Mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat Varieties are blest:
Th'industrious Peasant ev'ry where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his Life's happy Change.
Lo, in the Midst of a well fraited Pye
They both at last, glutted and wanton, lye:
When see the sad Reverse of prosp'rous Fate,
And what fierce Storms on mortal Glories wait.
With hideous Noise down the rude Servants come,
Six Dogs before run barking into th' Room;

*The wretched Gluttons fly with wild Affright,
And hate the Fulness which retards their Flight.
Our trembling Peasant wishes now in vain,
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
O how the Change of his poor Life be curs'd!
This of all Lives (said he) is sure the worst.
Give me again, ye Gods, my Cave and Wood;
With Peace, let Tares and Acorns be my Food.*



H O R A C E.



H O R A C E.

BOOK I. EPISTLE II.

*Part of it, beginning at Non Domus & Fundus,
non Æris Æcervus & Auri, &c.*

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.



○ R House, nor Lands, nor Heaps of
Plate, or Gold,

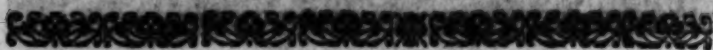
Can cure a Fever's Heat, or Ague's
Cold;

Much less a Mind with Grief or Care
oppest:

No Man's Possession e'er can make him blest,
That is not well himself, and sound at Heart;
Nature will ever be too strong for Art.
Whoever feeds vain Hopes, or fond Desires,
Distracting Fears, wild Love, or jealous Fires;
Is pleas'd with all his Fortunes, like Sore Eyes
With curious Pictures; Gouty Legs and Thighs
With Dancing; or Half-dead and Aking Ears
With Musick, while the Noise he hardly hears.

For

For if the Cask remains unsound or sow'r,
 Be the Wine ne'er so rich you pour,
 'Twill take the Vessel's Taste, and lose its own,
 And all you fill were better let alone.



EPISTLE X.

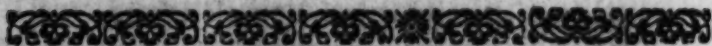
From I. S. to C. S.

H Health to my Friend, who loves the Town so well;
 Health from his Friend, who loves his Country Cell.
 In all but this we're like Twin-Brother-Doves,
 What one dislikes the other disapproves,
 And *Covent Garden-Cooing* but divides our Loves:
 Thou keep'st the Billing Nest, I range the Fields,
 And taste what uncorrupted Nature yields;
 Riot in Flow'rs, and wanton in the Woods,
 Bask on the mossy Banks, and skim the Floods;
 In short, I live and reign, and joy to see
 My self from thy Mistaken Blessings free.
 And, as the Slave the *Flamen's* Surfeits fled,
 Nanseate the Honey-Cakes, and feast on Bread.
 If Happiness of Life be worth our Care,
 And he who builds, should nicely chuse his Air;
 Tell me a Place which with the Country vies,
 In easie Blessings and in native Joys:
 Where Cheerful Heats deceive the Cold so well,
 Or gentle Gales the raging Heat repel:
 When both the *Lyon* and the *Dog* conspire,
 With furious Rays to set the Day on fire,

Or where, ah where, but here, can Sleep maintain
 (That Slave in Courts) her soft imperial Reign?
 Is *Parian Marble*, press'd beneath thy Feet,
 More beautiful than *Flow'rs*, or half so sweet?
 Or Water roaring thro' the bursting Lead
 So pure, as gliding in its easy Bed?
 Who builds in Cities yet the Fields approves,
 And hedges in with Pillars awkward Groves;
 Strives for the Country View that farthest runs,
 And tweers aloof at Beauties which he shuns.
 In driving Nature out our Force is vain,
 Still the recoiling Goddess comes again;
 And creeps in silent Triumph, to deride
 The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.
 An Ignorant and Uncomparing Pop
 Is cheated less in any Mercer's Shop,
 Than he who cannot with a Wary Eye
 Distinguish *Happiness* from *Vanity*.
 Who *prosperous Chance* too eagerly embrace,
 Feel double Pangs in her Averted Face.
 You once must leave what you so much admire;
 Ah, wisely now, and willingly retire!
 Forsake the gaudy Tinsel of the Great;
 The peaceful Cottage beckons a Retreat;
 Where true Content so true a Greatness brings,
 As flights their Fav'rites, and as pities Kings.
 The Stag and Horse in Common Pasture fed,
 Till Jars ensu'd, and Heels oppos'd to Head;
 But Horns are Lucky things; and Palfry fled;
 Foaming for Spite (and Passion is a Wit)
 He fought for Man, and kindly took the Bit;

But

But when he fully had reveng'd the Cause;
 The Spurs still gall'd his Sides, the Curb his Jaws;
 Just so the Man who had his Freedom sold
 (The Nobler Riches) for insulting Gold;
 His Back beneath a jaunting Rider lays,
 Hackney'd and spur'd thro' all his slavish Days.
 Whose Fortune is not fitted to his Will,
 Too great or little, he's uneasy still.
 Our Shoes and Fortune surely are ally'd,
 We limp in Strait, and stumble in the Wide.
 Then wisely take what Chance and Fate afford;
 Nor wish for more; I know thou wilt not hoard;
 And when I labour for the sordid Gains,
 Or heap the Trash; upbraid me for my Pains:
 It serves, or rules, where-ever Gold you find;
 But still the Varlet is a Slave by Kind.
 Receive this from thy Friend——
 Who laughs in *Kent*, from Care and Bus'ness free,
 And wanting nothing in the World but thee.



E P I S T L E X.

Paraphrased.

Printed in Mr. Cowley's Poems, in Ode, Pag. 726.

H Health from the Lover of the Country, Me;
 Health to the Lover of the City, Thee;
 A Diff'rence in our Souls this only proves,
 Nothing else we agree like marry'd Doves.

But

But the warm Nest and crouded Dove-house thou
 Dost like; I loosely fly from Bough to Bough:
 And Rivers drink, and all the shining Day,
 Upon fair Trees, and mossy Rocks I play:
 In fine I live and reign, when I retire
 From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
 Like one, at last, from the Priest's Service fled,
 Loathing the Honey'd Cakes, I long for Bread.
 Would I a House for Happiness erect,
 Nature it self should be the Architect:
 She'd build it more convenient than great,
 And doubtless in the Country chuse her Seat.
 Is there a Place doth Better Helps supply,
 Against the Wounds of Winter's Cruelty?
 Is there an Air that gent'ler doth assuage
 The mad Coelestial Dog's and Lion's Rage?
 Is it not there that Sleep (and only there)
 Nor Noise without, nor Cares within does fear?
 Does Arts thro' Pipes a purer Water bring,
 Than that which Nature strains into a Spring?
 Can all your Tap'stries, or your Pictures shew
 More Beauties than in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow?
 Fountains and Trees our weary'd Pride do please,
 Ev'n in the midst of gilded Palaces;
 And in your Towns that Prospect gives Delight,
 Which opens round the Country to our Sight.
 Men to the Good, from which they rashly fly,
 Return at last, and their wild Luxury
 Does but in vain with those true Joys contend,
 Which Nature did to Mankind recommend.
 The Man who changes Gold for burnish'd Brass,
 Or small Right Gems for larger ones of Glass,

Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the Trade,
Than he who sells a solid Good, to buy
The Painted Goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wise, no Glorious Fortune chuse,
Which 'tis but Pain to keep, yet Grief to lose:
For when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
An Humble Roof, Plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear Untainted Pleasures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.
The horned Deer, by Nature arm'd so well,
Did with the Horse in common Pasture dwell;
And when they fought, the Field it always won;
Till the ambitious Horse begg'd Help of Man,
And took the Bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone as Lord of all the Plain.
But never after could the Rider get
From off his Back, or from his Mouth the Bit.
So they, who Poverty too much do fear,
T'avoid that Weight a Greater Burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their Equals have,
To cruel Masters they themselves enslave.
For Gold their Liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest Flow'r which crowns Humanity,
And all this Mischief does upon them light,
Only because they know not how aright
That Great, but secret Happiness to prize,
That's laid up, in a little, for the Wise.
That is the best and easiest Estate,
Which to a Man fits close, but not too strait;

'Tis like a Shoe, it pinches, and it burns,
 Too narrow, and too large, it overturns.
 My dearest Friend, stop thy Desires at last,
 And cheerfully enjoy the Wealth thou hast;
 And if me still seeking for more you see,
 Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
 Money was made, not to command our Will,
 But all our Lawful Pleasures to fulfil.
 Shame and Wo to us, if we our Wealth obey:
 The Horse doth with the Horseman run away.



Precepts of Friendship and Conversation.

E P I S T L E XVIII.

*Si bene te novij, matues, liberrime Lolli,
 Scurrantis Speciem prabere professus Amicus, &c.*

W^Here Lollius does a gen'rous Friendship own,
 If well Experience has his Temper shewn,
 He dares not play the bant'ring pert Buffoon.
 No Matron's chaste Caresses differ more
 From fulsom Lewdness of a Suburb-Whore,
 Than the false Kindness Men of Plot pretend,
 From the true genuine Freedoms of a Friend.
 In some a diff'rent worse Extreme we see,
 A Rustick, Rude, Ill-natur'd Gravity,
 That stalks along, commended to your Sense,
 With Teeth all furr'd thro' nasty Negligence,

And

And Beard as from another World he came,
 Affecting Dulness, Virtue bears the blame;
 By Moderation's Line calm Virtue flies,
 Strait is her Course, and all her Motions nice,
 Above, below, we rise or sink to Vice.
 Here at the Bottom of the Table plac'd,
 A Fawning, Grinning, Parasitick Guest,
 Sits to start Jest, himself the greatest Jest.
 So close observes he, and with so much Care,
 His wealthy Patron's Action, and his Air;
 His Thoughts and Words, imperfect as they fall,
 The Knave so catches, so repeats them all;
 As School-boys their neglected Lessons say,
 When, Clause by Clause, Gruff *Busby* leads the way;
 Or raw young Actors practise o'er their Part,
 When *Powell* shews to laugh or cry with Art,
 There a sour Hero, his direct Reverse,
 Contends for Trifles, positive and fierce;
 His Sense imposes with dogmatick Pride,
 Commands Assent, and will not be deny'd.
 And what's the Question? How the Fencers play'd:
 Which better fought, or understands his Trade.
 Of Roads? Or who by Dice and Whores undone?
 Or whose fine Cloaths have his Estate out-run?
 Who from pure Prudence hides the shining Oar?
 Who from a Miser's greedy Thirst of more?
 Be never with that curious Itch possess'd,
 Of racking Secrets from a thoughtful Breast;
 But when imparting Friendship makes them thine,
 Revere and guard them as a sacred Shrine,
 By Frowns not frighted, nor betray'd by Wine.

Delights

Delights to which your private Fancy bends
Esteem, with due Submission to your Friends;
Nor, when they call to hunt, the Sport refuse,
For dull Retirement, and a Cynick Muse.
This *Zethus* and *Amphion's* Friendship shook,
Till the soft Student rose and clos'd his Book,
Assum'd the Nets, and laid his Harp aside,
And with his Brother's rustick Soul comply'd.
Be easie, free, and chearful in your Mien,
A modest Silence will be counted Spleen;
Yet cautious what you speak; and use your Care,
Well to distinguish a retentive Ear.
Avoid th' Inquisitive; be this your Rule,
A prying Coxcomb makes a tatling Fool.
Commend not, 'till the Man is throughly known;
A Rascal prais'd, you make his Faults your own.
Conscious of Guilt, attempt not to defend.
Reserve that Favour for an injur'd Friend,
Whom Malice or Mistake unjustly blame;
You are the proper Guardian of his Fame;
And this good Office may a grateful Mind,
In times to come, reward you for in kind;
Since Scandal and Ill Nature take their Rounds,
And Falshood triumphs in uncertain Bounds.
Friendships with Men of Wealth and State and Pow'r,
Can none but Unexperienc'd Minds allure:
Those who the Favours of the Great have try'd,
Dread their inconstant Smiles, and hate their Pride.
Beware, my *Lollins*, lest the flatt'ring Gale,
That sooths your Passage now, should quit your Sail:
Lest adverse Winds should rise; disturb the Main,
And drive the Vessel to her Port again.

EPISTLE XVIII.

By Mr. POOLT.

In the Second Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 132.

Dear Friend, for surely I may call him so,
 Who doth so well the Laws of Friendship know;
 I'm sure you mean the Kindness you profess,
 And to be lov'd by you's a Happiness;
 Not like him, who, with Eloquence and Pains,
 The specious Title of a Friend obtains;
 And the next Day, to please some Man of Sense,
 Breaks Jest at his deluded Friend's Expence:
 As Jilts, who by a quick compendious way,
 To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.
 There is another Failing of the Mind,
 Equal to this, of a quite different kind;
 I mean that rude uncultivated Skill
 Which some have got of using all Men ill;
 Out of a zealous and unhewn Pretence
 Of Freedom and a virtuous Innocence.
 Who 'cause they cannot fawn, betray, nor cheat,
 Think they may push and jostle all they meet;
 And blame whatever they see, complain, and brawl,
 And think their Virtues make amends for all.
 They neither comb their Head, nor wash their Face,
 But think their virtuous Nastiness a Grace;
 When as true Virtue in a *Medium* lies,
 And that to turn to either hand's a Vice.

Others

Others there are, who too obsequious grown,
 Live more for others pleasure than their own;
 Applauding whatsoe'er they hear or see,
 By a too Nauseous Civility;
 And if a Man of Title or Estate,
 Doth some strange Story, true or false, relate,
 Obsequiously they'll cringe, and vouch it all,
 Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall:
 As School-boys follow what their Masters say,
 Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.

Some Men there are so full of their own Sense,
 They take the least Dispute for an Offence:
 And if some wiser Friend their Heat restrains,
 And says the Subject is not worth the Pains;
 Strait they reply, *What I have said is true,*
And I'll defend it against him and you;
And if he still dares say 'tis not, I'll dye,
Rather than not maintain he says a Lie.

Now, would you, see from whence these Heats arise,
 And where th' important Contradiction lies?
 'Tis but to know if, when a Client's prest,
 S——or W—— pleads his Cause the best;
 Or if to *Windsor* he most Minutes gains;
 Who goes by *Colebrooke*, or who goes by *Stains*;
 Who spends his Wealth at Pleasure, and at Play,
 And yet affects to be well cloath'd and gay!
 And comes to want, and yet dreads nothing more
 Than to be thought necessitous and poor:
 Him his rich Kinsman is afraid to see,
 Shuns like a Burthen to the Family;
 And rails at Vices which have made him poor,
 Tho' he himself perhaps hath many more;

Or

Or tells him wisely, *Cousin have a Care,*
And your Expences with your Rents compare;
Since you inherit but a Small Estate,
Your Pleasures, Cousin, must be moderate.
I know you think to huff and live like me;
Cousin, my Wealth supports my Vanity:
But they who've Wit and not Estate enough,
Must cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t' affect Equality;
Forget you've such a foolish Friend as me.
There was a Courtier, who, to punish those
Who, tho' below him, he believ'd his Foes;
And more effectually to vent his Rage,
Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
For then the foolish Sparks courageous grown,
Set up for roaring Bullies of the Town:
Must go to Plays, and in the Boxes sit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
Till at the last their Coach and Horses spent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty and their Ribbons rent:
Their Fortune chang'd, their Appetite the same;
And 'tis too late their Follies to reclaim;
They must turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their Pleasures at a cheaper Rate;
And 'midst their Dirty Mistresses and Wives,
Lead out the rest of their mistaken Lives.
Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden Secrets of another's Mind;
For when you've torn one Secret from his Breast,
You run the risque of losing all the rest:
And if you should unimportun'd impart
His secret Thoughts, and trust you with his Heart,

Let

Let not your Drinking, Anger, Pride, or Lust,
Ever invite you to betray the Trust.

First, Never praise your own Designs, and then
Ne'er lessen the Designs of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To set a Partridge, or to chase a Hare;
Beg he'd excuse you for this once, and say,
You must go home and study all the Day.
So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no Pleasures but his own,
Was forc'd to give his Brother's Friendship o'er,
Or to resolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He chose the safest and the wisest Way,
And to oblige his Brother left his Play.
Do you the same, and for the self-same End,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the Plain,
Quit your untimely Labours of the Brain,
And leave your serious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal Pleasure on the Prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable Sport,
Lov'd in the Country, and esteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleasing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility.
Who see you love the Pleasures they admire,
Will equally approve what you desire;
Such Condescension will more Friendship gain
Than the best Rules which your wise Books contain.
Talk not of others Lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where.
For you don't only wound the Man you blame;
But all Mankind, who all expect the same.

Shun all Inquisitive and Curious Men;
 For what they hear they will relate again.
 And he who hath Impatient Craving Ears,
 Hath a Loose Tongue to utter all he hears;
 And Words like th' moving Air, of which they're fram'd,
 When once let loose can never be reclaim'd.
 Where you've Access to a Rich Pow'rful Man,
 Govern your Mind with all the Care you can;
 And be not by your foolish Lust betray'd
 To court his Cousin, or debauch his Maid;
 Lest with a little Portion, and the Pride
 Of being to the Family ally'd;
 He gives you either; with which Bounty blest,
 You must quit all Pretensions to the rest;
 Or lest incens'd at your Attempt, and griev'd
 You should abuse the Kindness you receiv'd;
 He coldly thwarts your impotent Desire,
 Till you at last chuse rather to retire,
 Than tempt his Anger any more, and so
 Lose a great Patron, and a Mistress too.
 Next, Have a care what Men you recommend
 To th' Service or Esteem of your Rich Friend;
 Lest for his Service or Esteem unfit,
 They load you with the Faults which they commit:
 But as the wisest Men, with all their Skill,
 May be deceiv'd, and place their Friendship ill;
 So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
 To defend those whom their own Crimes accuse.
 But if thro' Envy of malicious Men,
 They be accus'd, you must protect them then,
 And plead their Cause your self; for when you see
 Him you commend attack'd with Infamy,

Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim:
And when your Neighbour's House is set on Fire,
You must his Safety as your own conspire.
Such hidden Fires, tho' in a Suburbs cast,
Neglected, may consume the Town at last.
They who don't know the Dangers which attend
The glitt'ring Court of a Rich Pow'rful Friend;
Love no Estate so much, and think they're blest,
When they but make a Leg among the rest;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent Care
Do all its Honours and its Ills compare,
Fear to engage, lest, with their Time and Pain,
They lose more Pleasure than they hop'd to gain.
See you, that while your Vessel's under Sail,
You make your best Advantage of the Gale;
Lest the Wind changes, and some Stormy Rain
Should throw you back to your first Port again.
You must endeavour to dispose your Mind
To please all Humours of a diff'rent kind;
Whose Tempers serious, and their Humour sad.
They think all Blithe and Merry Men are mad;
'They who are merry, and of Humour free,
Abhor a sad and serious Gravity;
They who are slow and heavy, can't admit
The Friendship of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the Busy Active Men,
And are detested by the same again.
They whose free Humour prompts them to be gay,
To drink all Night, to revel all the Day,
Abhor the Man that can his Cups refuse,
Tho', his untimely Virtue to excuse,

He swears that one such merry drinking Feast
Would make him sick for a whole Week at least.
Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow ;
The modest Men are thought obscure and low ;
And they who an affected Silence keep,
Are thought to be the rigid, sour, and deep.
Amongst all other things do not omit
To search the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the Conversation of the Wise :
In what true Happiness and Pleasure lies ;
Which are the safest Rules to live at ease,
And the best way to make all Fortunes please ;
Lest thro' the craving Hopes of gaining more,
And Fear of losing what you gain'd before,
Your poor unsatisfy'd misguided Mind,
To needy Wishes and false Joys confin'd,
Puts its free, boundless, searching Thoughts in Chains,
And where it sought its Pleasures finds its Pains.
If Virtuous Thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be given by Nature, or obtain'd by Art ;
What lessens Cares the Mind's uneasie Pain,
And reconciles us to our selves again ;
Which doth the truest Happiness create,
Unblemish'd Honour, or a great Estate,
Or a safe private Quiet, which betrays
It self to Ease, and cheats away the Days.
When I am at—— where my kind Fate
Hath plac'd my little moderate Estate ;
Where Nature's Care hath equally employ'd
Its inward Treasures and its outward Pride ;
What Thoughts d'ye think those easie Joys inspire ?
What do you think I covet or desire ?

'Tis that I may but undisturb'd possess
The littl' I have, and if Heav'n pleases less;
That I to Nature and my self may give
The little time that I have left to live;
Some Books in which I some New Thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refresh my Mind;
Some Horses, which may help me to partake
The lawful Pleasures which the Seasons make;
An easie Plenty, which at least may spare
The Frugal Pains of a Domestick Care;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love such an idle Life and me;
Then Heav'n give me but Life and Health, I'll find
A grateful Soul and a Contented Mind.





H O R A C E,

Of the ART of POETRY.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

Printed in the Third Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 1.



In a Picture (*Piſſo*) you ſhould ſee
A handſome Woman with a Fiſh's Tail,
Or a Man's Head upon a Horſe's Neck,
Or Limbs of Beaſts of the moſt diff'rent
Kinds,

Cover'd with Feathers of all ſorts of Birds,
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
Truſt me, that Book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent Style (like ſick Men's Dreams)
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extremes.
Painters and Poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their Pencils and their Fancies unconfin'd.
This Privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common Laws of Senſe,
Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,

Or

Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,
 And hungry Tygers court the tender Lambs.
 Some that at first have promis'd Mighty Things,
 Applaud themselves when a few Florid Lines
 Shine thro' th' insipid Dulness of the rest:
 Here they describe a Temple or a Wood,
 Or Streams that thro' delightful Meadows run,
 And there the Rainbow and the rapid Rhine;
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
 And are as much to seek in other things,
 As he that only can design a Tree,
 Would be to draw a Shipwrack, or a Storm.
 When you begin with so much Pomp and Shew,
 Why is the End so little and so low?
 Be what you will, so you be still the same.
 Most Poets fall into the grossest Faults,
 Deluded by a seeming Excellence.
 By striving to be short, they grow obscure,
 And when they would write smoothly, they want Strength;
 Their Spirits sink; while others, that affect
 A lofty Style, swell to a Tympany;
 Some tim'rous Wretches start at ev'ry Blast,
 And fearing Tempests, dare not leave the Shore;
 Others in love with wild Variety,
 Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood.
 Thus Fear of erring, join'd with want of Skill,
 Is the most certain Way of erring still.
 The meanest Workman in th' *Emilian* Square,
 May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
 But cannot finish what he hath begun.
 What is there more ridiculous than he?
 For one or two good Features in a Face,
 Where all the rest are scandalously ill,

Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
 Let Poets match their Subjects to their Strength,
 And often try what Weight they can support,
 And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear;
 After a serious and judicious Choice,
 Method and Elquence will never fail.
 As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,
 Consists in chusing a fit Time for things,
 And knowing when a Muse should be indulg'd
 In her full Flight, and when she should be curb'd.
 Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with Skill.
 You gain your Point, if your industrious Art
 Can make Unusual Words easy and plain;
 But (if you write of things abstruse and new)
 Some of your own inventing may be us'd
 (So it be seldom and discreetly done.)
 But he that hopes to have New Words allow'd,
 Must so derive them from the Grecian Spring,
 As they may seem to flow without Constraint.
 Can an impartial Reader discommend
 In *Varus*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes
 In *Plautus* or *Cecilius*? Why should I
 Be envy'd for the little I invent,
 When *Ennius*' and *Cato*'s copious Style
 Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our Tongue?
 Men ever had, and ever will have Leave
 To coin new Words well suited to the Age.
 Words are like Leaves, some wither ev'ry Year,
 And ev'ry Year a younger Race succeeds.
 Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate:
 The *Lucrine Mole* (*Cæsar*'s stupendious Work)
 Protects our Navies from the raging North;
 And (since *Cæthægus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)

We plow and reap where former Ages row'd.
See how the *Tyber*, whose licentious Waves
So often overflow'd the neighb'ring Fields,
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive Course,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's Command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot.
Why then should Words challenge Eternity,
When greatest Men and greatest Actions dye?
Use may revive the obsoletest Words,
And banish those that now are most in Vogue:
Use is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech.
Homer first taught the World in *Epick* Verse,
To write of great Commanders and of Kings;
Elegies were at first design'd for Grief,
Tho' now we use them to express our Joy;
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,
Is undecided by the Men of Skill.
Rage with Iambicks arm'd *Archilocus*,
Numbers for Dialogue and Action fit,
And Favourites of the Dramatick Muse:
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding Sound
Awes the tumultuous Noises of the Pit,
And whose peculiar Province is the Stage.
Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns,
Love's pleasing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine,
Are proper Subjects for a Lyrick Song.
Why is he honour'd with a Poet's Name,
Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule;
And chuses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his Ignorance and learn.
Let ev'ry thing have its due Place and Time.
A Comick Subject loves an Humble Verse:
Thyestes scorns a Low and Comick Style:

Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her Voice,
 And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail:
 Tragedians too lay by their State to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
 Forget their swelling and gigantick Words.
 He that would have Spectators share his Grief,
 Must write not only well but movingly,
 And raise Men's Passions to what Height he will.
 We weep and laugh, as we see others do:
 He only makes me sad, who shews the Way,
 And first is sad himself: Then (*Telephus*)
 I feel the Weight of your Calamities,
 And fancy all your Miseries my own;
 But if you act them ill, I sleep, or laugh.
 Your Looks must alter, as your Subject does,
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe;
 For Nature forms, and softens us within,
 And writes our Fortune's Changes in our Face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous Rage transports,
 And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul;
 And these are all interpreted by Speech:
 But he whose Words and Fortunes disagree,
 Absurd, unpity'd, grows a publick Jest.
 Observe the Characters of those that speak,
 Whether an honest Servant, or a Cheat;
 Or one whose Blood boils in his youthful Veins;
 Or a grave Matron, or a busie Nurse,
 Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,
Argives, or *Thebans*, *Asians*, or *Greeks*.
 Follow Report, or feign coherent Things,
 Describe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,
 Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
 Scorning all Judges, and all Law, but Arms:

Medea must be all *Revenge* and *Blood*,
Ino all *Tears*, *Ixion* all *Deceit*;
Io must wander, and *Orestes* mourn.
 If your bold *Muse* dare tread *Unbeaten Paths*,
 And bring new *Characters* upon the *Stage*,
 Be sure you keep them up to their first *Height*,
 New *Subjects* are not easily explain'd,
 And you had better chuse a well-known *Theme*,
 Than trust to an *Invention* of your own;
 For what originally others writ,
 May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
 That with some *Justice* it may pass for yours:
 But then you must not copy *Trivial Things*,
 Nor *Word* for *Word* too faithfully translate,
 Nor (as some servile *Imitators* do)
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy *Rules*,
 As they must ever slavishly observe,
 Or all the *Laws* of *Decency* renounce:
 Begin not as th' Old *Poetaster* did
 (*Troy's famous War*, and *Priam's Fate* I sing)
 In what will all this *Ostentation* end?
 The lab'ring *Mountain* scarce brings forth a *Mouse*.
 How far is this from the *Mæonian Style*,
Muse, speak the *Man*, who since the *Siege* of *Troy*,
 So many *Towns*, such *Change* of *Manners* saw?
 One with a *Flash* begins, and ends in *Smoke*,
 The other out of *Smoke* brings glorious *Light*;
 And (without raising *Expectation* high)
 Surprizes us with dazzling *Miracles*.
 The bloody *Læstrygon's* inhumane *Feasts*,
 With all the *Monsters* of the *Land* and *Sea*;
 How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roar'd:
 He doth not trouble us with *Leda's Eggs*,

When

When he begins to write the *Trojan War*;
Nor writing the Return of *Diomed*,
Go back as far as *Melenger's Death*.
Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
Insensibly acquaints us with the Plot;
He chuses only what he can improve,
And Truth and Fiction are so aptly mix'd,
That all seems uniform, and of a Piece.
Now hear what ev'ry Auditor expects;
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The Epilogue, and see the Curtain fall;
Mind how our Tempers alter with our Years,
And by those Rules form all your Characters.
One that has newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves Childish Plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes ev'ry Hour his wav'ring Mind.
A Youth that first casts off his Tutor's Yoke,
Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sports, and Exercise,
Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Gain and Ambition rule our Riper Years,
And make us Slaves to Interest and Power;
Old Men are only walking Hospitals,
Where all Defects and all Diseases crowd,
With restless Pain, and more tormenting Fear;
Lazy, morose, full of Delays and Hopes,
Opprest with Riches which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
And fond of all the Follies of the past.
Thus all the Treasures of our flowing Years,
Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
Boys must not have th' ambitious Care of Men,
Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age.

Some

Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves less than what we see:
Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,
But Auditors must trust their Ears and you:
Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate:
Medea must not draw her murthering Knife,
And spill her Children's Blood upon the Stage;
Nor *Atræus* there his Horrid Feast prepare:
Cadmus and *Progne's Metamorphosis*
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.
Five Acts are the just Measure of a Play.
Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a Business worthy of a God:
And in one Scene no more than Three should speak.
A *Chorus* should supply what Action wants,
And hath a generous and a Manly Part;
Bridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honesty.
And strict Observance of impartial Laws,
Sobriety, Security, and Peace,
And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortune's Wheel,
To raise the wretched, and pull down the Proud.
But nothing must be sung between the Acts,
But what some way conduces to the Plot.
First the shrill Sound of a small rural Pipe
(Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was Entertainment for the Infant Stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience
Of our well-meaning frugal Ancestors.
But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,

And

And Men (grown wanton by Prosperity)
Study'd New Arts of Luxury and Ease,
The Verse, the Musick, and the Scenes improv'd;
For how should Ignorance be Judge of Wit,
Or Men of Sense applaud the Jest of Fools?
Then came Rich Cloaths and Graceful Action in,
Then Instruments were taught more Moving Notes,
And Eloquence, with all her Pomp and Charms,
Foretold as Useful and Sententious Truths,
As those deliver'd by the *Delphick* God.
The first Tragedians found that serious Style
Too grave for their uncultivated Age,
And so brought Wild and Naked Satyrs in;
Whose Motions, Words, and Shape, were all a Farce,
(As oft as Decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable Rout,
Full of Confusion, and the Fumes of Wine,
Lov'd such Variety and antick Tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
To make a God, a Hero or a King
(Stripp'd of his golden Crown, and purple Robe)
Descend to a Mechanick Dialect;
Nor (to avoid such Meanness) soaring high,
With Empty Sound, and Airy Notions fly;
For Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic Follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron would to dance with Girls.
You must not think that a Satyrick Style
Allows of Scandalous and Brutish Words,
Or the confounding of your Characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope;
And if your Style be natural and smooth,

All Men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much Pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good Method and Connexion may
Improve the Common, and the plainest things.
A Satyr, that comes staring from the Woods;
Must not at first speak like an Orator;
But tho' his Language should not be refin'd,
It must not be obscene and impudent;
The Better Sort abhor Scurrillity,
And often censures what the Rabble likes.
Unpolish'd Verses pass with many Men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that Point.
But then, to write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope the World will wink at all our Faults,
Is such a rash, ill-grounded Confidence,
As Men may pardon, but will never praise.
Consider well the *Greek* Originals,
Read them by Day, and think of them by Night.
But *Plautus* was admir'd in former time,
With too much Patience (not to call it worse)
His harsh unequal Verse was Musick then,
And Rudeness had the Privilege of Wit:
When *Thespis* first expos'd the Tragick Muse,
Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
Where ghastly Faces, stain'd with Lees of Wine,
Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Crowd.
This (*Æschylus* with Indignation) saw,
And built a Stage, found out a Decent Dress,
Brought Vizards in (a Civiler Disguise)
And taught Men how to speak, and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great Applause,
Till her Licentious and Abusive Tongue

Waken'd

Waken'd the Magistrate's coercive Power,
 And forc'd it to suppress her Insolence.
 Our Writers have attempted every Way,
 And they deserve our Praise, whose daring Muse
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,
 And found fit Subjects for her Verse at home.
 Nor should we be less famous for our Wit,
 Than for the Force of our victorious Arms;
 But that the Time and Care, that are requir'd
 To overlook, and file, and polish well,
 Fright Poets from that necessary Toil.
Democritus was so in love with Wit,
 And some Mens Natural Impulse to write,
 That he despis'd the Help of Arts and Rules,
 And thought none Poets till their Brains were crack'd:
 And this hath so intoxicated some
 (That to appear incorrigibly mad)
 They Cleanliness and Company renounce
 For Lunacy, beyond the Cure of Art.
 With a long Beard and ten Long dirty Nails,
 Pass currant for *Apollo's* Livery.
 O my unhappy Stars! If in the Spring
 Some Phyfick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
 None would have writ with more Success than I;
 But I am satisfy'd to keep my Sense,
 And only serve to whet that Wit in you,
 To which I willingly resign my Claim.
 Yet without writing, I may teach to write,
 Tell what the Duty of a Poet is;
 Wherein his Wealth and Ornament consist,
 And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd:
 What fit, what not, what excellent or ill;

Sound Judgment is the Ground of writing well;
And when Philosophy directs your Choice
To proper Subjects, rightly understood,
Words from your Pen will naturally flow:
He only gives the proper Characters,
Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,
And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,
How Judges, and how Senators should act,
And what becomes a General to do;
Those are the likest Copies, which are drawn
By the Original of Humane Life.
Sometimes in rough and undigested Plays,
We meet with such a lucky Character,
As being humour'd right and well pursu'd,
Succeeds much better than the shallow Verse
And chiming Trifles of more studious Pens.
Greece had a Genius, Greece had Eloquence,
For her Ambition and her End was Fame.
Our Roman Youth is bred another way,
And taught no Arts but those of Usury;
And the glad Father glories in his Child,
When he can subdivide a Fraction,
Can Souls, who by their Parents, from their Birth,
Have been devoted thus to Rust and Gain,
Be capable of High and Gen'rous Thoughts?
Can Verses writ by such an Author, live?
But you (brave Youth) wise Numa's worthy Heir,
Remember of what weight your Judgment is,
And never venture to commend a Book,
That has not pass'd all Judges, and all Tests.
A Poet should instruct, or please, or both.
Let all your Precepts be succinct and clear,

That

That ready Wits may comprehend them soon;
 And faithful Memories retain them long;
 For Superfluities are soon forgot.
 Never be so conceited of your Parts,
 To think you may persuade us what you please,
 Or venture to bring in a Child alive,
 That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd;
 Old Age explodes all but Morality;
 Austerity offends aspiring Youths;
 But he that joins Instructions with Delight,
 Profit with Pleasure, carries all the Votes:
 These are the Volumes that enrich the Shops;
 These pass with Admiration thro' the World
 And bring their Author an eternal Fame.
 Be not too rigidly censorious,
 A String may jarr in the best Master's Hand,
 And the most skilful Archer miss his Aim:
 But in a Poem elegantly writ,
 I will not quarrel with a slight Mistake,
 Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuse;
 But he that hath been often told his Fault,
 And still persists, is as impertinent
 As a Musician that will always play,
 And yet is always out at the same Note;
 When such a positive abandon'd Fop
 (Among his numerous Absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable Line,
 I fret to see them in such Company,
 And wonder by what Magick they came there.
 But in Long Works Sleep will sometimes surprize;
 Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.
 Poems (like Pictures) are of different sorts,
 Some

Some better at a distance, others near;
 Some love the Dark, some chuse the clearest Light,
 And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye;
 Some please for once, some will for ever please.
 But *Piso* (tho' your own Experience,
 Join'd with your Father's Precepts, make you wise)
 Remember this as an important Truth;
 Some things admit of Mediocrity;
 A Counsellor, or Pleader at the Bar,
 May want *Messala's* pow'rful Eloquence,
 Or be less read than deep *Cassellius*;
 Yet this indifferent Lawyer is esteem'd:
 But no Authority of Gods nor Men
 Allow of any Mean in Poesy.
 As an ill Consort, and a Course Perfume
 Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,
 And might with more Discretion have been spar'd;
 So Poesy, whose End is to delight,
 Admits of no Degrees, but must be still
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
 In other things, Men have some Reason left;
 And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
 Despairing of Success, forbears to try;
 But all (without Consideration) write;
 Some thinking that th' Omnipotence of Wealth
 Can turn them into Poets when they please.
 But *Piso*, you are of too quick a Sight,
 Not to discern which way your Talent lies,
 Or vainly struggle with your Genius;
 Yet if it ever be your Fate to write,
 Let your Productions pass the strictest Hands,
 Mine, and your Father's, and not see the Light,

Till

'Till Time and Care hath ripen'd ev'ry Line,
 What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
 But Words once spoke, can never be recall'd.
Orpheus inspir'd by more than humane Pow'r,
 Did not (as Poets feign) tame Savage Beasts,
 But Men, as-lawless, and as-wild as they,
 And first dissuaded them from Rage and Blood.
 Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
 They feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magic Lute:
 Poets, the first Instruēters of Mankind,
 Brought all things to their proper native Use;
 Some they appropriated to the Gods,
 And some to publick, some to private Ends;
 Promiscuous Love by Marriage was restrain'd,
 Cities were built, and useful Laws were made,
 So ancient is the Pedigree of Verse,
 And so divine a Poet's Function:
 Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtæus'* martial Muse
 Waken'd the World, and sounded loud Alarms.
 To Verse we owe the sacred Oracles,
 And our best Precepts of Morality:
 Some have by Verse obtain'd the Love of Kings
 (Who, with the Muses ease their weary'd Minds)
 Then blush not, noble *Piso*, to protect
 What Gods Inspire, and Kings delight to hear.
 Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
 Others maintain that Nature makes them so:
 I neither see what Art without a Vein,
 Nor Wit without the Help of Art, can do;
 But mutually they need each other's Aid.
 He that intends to gain th' O'lympick Prize,
 Must use himself to Hunger, Heat, and Cold,

Take

Take leave of Wine, and the soft Joys of Love:
And no Musician dares pretend to Skill,
Without a great Expence of Time and Pains;
But ev'ry little busy Scribbler now
Swells with the Praises which he gives himself;
And taking Sanctuary in the Crowd,
Braggs of his Impudence, and scorns to mend.
A Wealthy Poet takes more Pains to hire
A Flatt'ring Audience, than poor Tradesmen do
To persuade Customers to buy their Goods:
'Tis hard to find a Man of great Estate,
That can distinguish Flatterers from Friends.
Never delude your self, nor read your Book
Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor;
For he'll commend, and feign an Ecstasy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please;
True Friends appear less mov'd than Counterfeit;
As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,
Are not so loud as those that cry for Hire.
Wife were the Kings, who never chose a Friend,
'Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,
And seen the Bottom of his deepest Thoughts.
You cannot arm your self with too much Care
Against the Smiles of a designing Knave.
Quintilius (if his Advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,
And with more Care supply the Vacancy;
But if he found you fond and obstinate
(And apter to defend, than mend your Faults)
With Silence leave you to admire your self,
And without Rival hug your darling Book:

The prudent Care of an impartial Friend
 Will give you Notice of each idle Line;
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants Ornament,
 Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
 And, with a strict Esquay, mark your Faults;
 Nor for these Trifles fear to lose your Love.
 Those Things which now seem frivolous and slight,
 Will be of serious Consequence to you,
 When they have made you once ridiculous.
 A Mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,
 And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,
 We are not all more heedfully to shun,
 Than Poetasters in their raging Fits,
 Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys;
 But dreaded and proscib'd by Men of Sense.
 If in the raving of a frantick Muse,
 And minding more his Verses than his Way,
 Any of these should drop into a Well,
 Tho' he might burst his Lungs to call for Help,
 No Creature wou'd assist or pity him,
 But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
 Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
 In a cold Fit leap'd into *Aetna's* Flames.
 Give Poets leave to make themselves away.
 Why should it be a greater Sin to kill,
 Than to keep Men alive against their Wills;
 Nor was this Chance, but a deliberate Choice;
 For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,
 He would be at his Frolick once again,
 And his Pretensions to Divinity.

'Tis hard to say, whether for Sacrilege,
Or Incest, or some more unheard of Crime,
The Rhiming Fiend is sent into these Men;
But they are all most visibly possess'd;
And like a baited Bear, when he breaks loose,
Without Distinction seize on all they meet;
None ever scap'd that came within their Reach;
Sticking like Leeches, 'till they burst with Blood:
Without Remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave 'till they have read Men dead.

F I N I S.

